

Three Magnificent Premium Pictures with this year's Christmas No. of Saturday Night

TORONTO'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

When very recently the United States lowered the tariff on lumber, the G.T.R. and C.P.R. are reported to have made a joint agreement by an increase of traffic rates to double sixty per cent. of the advantage that Canada had gained and allow the lumbermen forty per cent. This failed owing to the Canada Atlantic having refused to agree to it, and they carry a third of the lumber that goes on wheels out of the Ottawa Valley. The C.P.R. also saw the futility of the enterprise, but the Grand Trunk hung on to its old-fashioned notions that the only way to get money out of the people of this country is to extort it. The commotion which has been caused by this attempt of the G.T.R. amply justifies the roads that refused to be steered into the agreement, and I have not the slightest doubt that the Grand Trunk will get severely left alone by the lumbermen who are so situated as to do so, not only now but hereafter. The quarrels which have largely reduced its traffic earnings have been those created when it had a monopoly, and in the present instance it adhered to its usual policy of grab until the lumbermen got together on Thursday and forced their rights. It had not the grace to act without compulsion.

The majority of people seem to think that the acquittal of Mrs. Hartley was a preposterous miscarriage of justice, yet when they look at it as the jurymen looked at it they can hardly wonder at the acquittal. The Crown had built up its case on the testimony of a person named Ling. It seems almost too complimentary to call him a person even, for a man who can ingratiate himself into the affections of a woman and achieve the personal intimacy which a respectable friend would sacredly guard, but which he so freely admitted, is not worthy the name of a man and is exalted when he is called a person. The Crown having built their case on his evidence, it really is not strange that the individual abhorrence which he must have excited and the fact that nearly a score of witnesses would not believe him upon oath, left the scales unbalanced and gave the advantage to the woman. Biblical as it may be, and natural as it may be to say that "the woman tempted me and I fell," every manly impulse revolts against the common and cruel assumption that the woman is a stronger temptress than the man can be a tempter. With twelve men to decide it, I do not wonder that they decided in the woman's favor. It would be improper and illegal to make a suggestion against the man, but this I can say, that had he played the despicable part which seemed to so completely fill the Crown's idea of a witness in a Western State, long before now he would have had a coat of tar and feathers and would have been banished from the jurisdiction where his immorality and rascality had left such a dirty stain upon all prevalent ideas of manliness, honor and individual loyalty.

There is a general impression that there is a wave of crime sweeping over this province, and the number of unintelligible and horrible murders which have occurred indicate that some mystical influence is at work which leads to the committal of murders for which there is apparently no reason. If there be any reason at all it is the fidelity with which the dirtiest and most corrupting portions of the evidence are presented to the public by the daily newspapers. The articles as written are lacking in that terse pen-picturing which presents a scene to the eye and makes the reader familiar with the chief actors in the horrible drama which have enchain'd the attention of those who love to read that sort of thing. Like the cheap drama in the theater, they have given us the nudeness without the art, the dirt without the wit. It is generally esteemed that the poorest order of newspaper work is that of the reporter. As a matter of fact it is the highest phase of journalistic labor. The public care less about what we think than for what we know; they read the paper, not to think, but to know; they want to know all about people who come on the newspaper stage and make their bow as witnesses or criminals. I think the public might be satisfied with some artistic touches which convey an impression and that the whole scene, beastly and criminal as it is, need not be thrust before the reader's eyes.

It is much better for Canada that Count Mercier is dead rather than in politics. His public career was a wild one in every respect. Lacking, in public life, even the dangerous charm which his individuality possessed, that of absolute unconventionality and freedom from pretense, one can easily imagine Honore Mercier's reflections when he decided to risk his all on becoming a leading Canadian politician. Always supposed to have been devoid of any religious opinions, he decided to become more intensely Roman Catholic than the bishops themselves, more ultramontane than the Jesuits, more French than France, more corrupt than the most corrupt who had ever succeeded in Canadian politics, more wasteful than any other successful politician of bairns or creed. His career, I think, proves that he determined to cap the climax. Until exposure came, no success could have been more brilliant

than his, and consequently his fall from the greatest height to the lowest depth must have been almost unendurable, so complete was his ruin and so bottomless his political grave. Probably those who write of him in Ontario, had they ever enjoyed his generous hospitality, or felt the strength of his personal magnetism, or seen instances of his rare courage and great skill as a tactician, would forget the political evil that he did amidst the pleasant memories of happy things he said and kindly deeds he performed. At this distance, and perhaps fortunately freed from the local conventionalities which lead us to speak gently of the dead, he is likely to be viewed simply

law and order that crimes of this sort should be punished, but there are many emotions that might urge the injured one to be silent. Such deeds as shooting a man down on the doorway of his own home are not ordinarily done without the existence of some grievance, real or fancied. Frank Westwood is said to have been brave and gritty enough to keep what he knew to himself, and it is perhaps best for everybody concerned that he did so.

I remember some years ago writing an article on the subject of death-bed confessions, that as a rule they are very disastrous to someone who is living and of no particu-

Just how far a city ought to speculate in its own possibilities has never been settled. It is admitted, however, that a city that does not take it for granted that it may become great and that the coming of its greatness can be accelerated by proper management, is very likely to remain unimportant. I have contended for years that the only way to bring immediate greatness to Toronto is to construct an aqueduct to Lake Simcoe. The water power that brought St. Paul and Minneapolis into prominence and built twin cities that had not half the excuse for their size that Toronto can claim, was the trifling water power obtained from the falls of a river. We have not this water power here, but we can

put at two hundred thousand dollars a year. This will pay interest at four per cent. on five million dollars. It costs fifty thousand dollars a year to bring Lake Simcoe ice to Toronto. This is four per cent. on a million and a quarter. Electrical and gas street lighting will cost, even with the same number of lights as last year and at reduced price, over one hundred thousand dollars per annum. The power furnished would accomplish this and the revenue would pay four per cent. on two and a half million dollars per year, or a total of four per cent. on eight and three-quarter millions, which is above the most extravagant estimate of the cost of the works. A conservative estimate of the amount of power still unused that could be generated by the three falls necessary in the aqueduct, would be twenty-five or thirty thousand horsepower per annum. Say thirty thousand horsepower at a half a cent per hour, and ten hours to the day, it would bring over fifteen dollars a year per horsepower, or three-quarters of a million dollars, for it would all be salable within a very short period. This alone would be ten per cent. on the cost of the Aqueduct, less the cost of maintenance, and would leave water, light and ice free of cost. The scheme is an immense one, but the advantages to be derived by this city would be of corresponding magnitude, for at once the sewer and Don schemes would be settled without further expense. If the question is to be submitted to the popular vote, let it be on the basis of whether the city, after proper surveys and investigation finds that the cost would not exceed a certain sum, shall proceed with the work. It can be financed without any trouble, without increasing the city taxes a dollar, and water of a given purity can be put in the reservoirs. It is idle to talk about water being pumped up more cheaply by steam than it can run downhill; it is nonsense to say that the city would frightfully increase its debt. The work, as I have before remarked, can be bonded for almost the entire amount of its cost and in the Old Country water-supply bonds are more salable than any others. Divested of the speculative phases of which these small promoters who have been engaged on this work have been suspected, the scheme itself stands out as one of surpassing importance. Let it be considered in this light as a civic undertaking and Toronto will be better advertised for its enterprise and possibilities in the next five years than it can otherwise be in fifty years.

SATURDAY NIGHT was the only paper that had courage enough to criticize Rev. Dr. Gunner, who made such a scene at the funeral of poor Jessie Keith. No doubt the dailies were afraid to touch the subject lest they might be thought tainted with secularism, and they are all anxious to be thought pious, no matter what else they may be or do. The *Christian Guardian*, however, editorially rebukes Dr. Gunner and all that class of busy-bodies who make scenes in the name of religion. Referring to the matter as an "unpleasant and unedifying spectacle," the article concludes as follows:

However sincere Dr. Gunner may have been, or however justifiable his opposition to infidelity, we think his course was a mistake. The parents had a right to bury their daughter's body, as they thought best. No religious service could do the departed any good. The parents had enough to bear, in such an hour, without being made the objects of denunciation for their views of religion. As the terrible fate of the unfortunate girl was in no way connected with the infidelity of the parents, and as there is no evidence that Mr. Hay exalted or defended infidelity, Dr. Gunner's remarks were not timely or opportune. We have no doubt he meant well; but no good was likely to be accomplished by the course he adopted.

It is said that Treasurer Coady is author of the work entitled *The Too Handy Letter-Writer*. There are a number of officers and officials around the City Hall who should study this work. Ald. Hallam might issue a companion volume, to be known as *The Too Ready Talker*. The muddle over the sale of the bonds is but an example of how a great deal of the work of the city is managed. DON.

Money Matters.

Stocks this week are quiet, but, although there have been some small speculative variations, they are considered strong. We notice that the Ontario Bank Stock advanced a little. It is of some interest to investors to know, in connection with this small variation of price, that this Bank has not a branch at present between Toronto and Bowmanville, having closed up the branches at Port Perry, Oshawa, Whitby, and now Pickering. Whether this is a sign of strength or weakness is not known to outsiders. If branches were closed up by a strong Bank, nothing would be thought of it. It would mean only a cutting down of expenses, because of the unremunerative business in the wiped out branch. This has been brought under our notice because of a deputation that came from Pickering to interview Mr. Holland, to protest against the closing up of the branch there. It seems the amount of interest-bearing deposits was \$145,000, but the discounts and free money were almost nil. In a somewhat warm argument that cropped up while the matter was under discussion, I am told that Mr. Holland stated it was not an object for his institution to have interest-bearing deposits, for while they paid

MISS NELLIE GANTHONY
England's Society Comedienne.

as the most dangerous and prominent exemplar of what our polities are likely to produce if factionalism is continually used as the political weapon and corruption in any respect is considered a legitimate means of securing and retaining power.

The opinion prevails pretty generally and is entertained by the County Crown Attorney and others who were at the death-bed of young Westwood, that he knew who shot him and the reason the shot was fired. Furthermore, popular admiration is daily growing for the youth who insisted on so resolutely protecting his assassin. The world does not love the informer nor anyone who, even under great pressure, tells a secret that it would be of advantage to a former friend or ally to have kept secret. The art of holding one's tongue is, I think, too little taught. True, it is in the interest of

lar advantage to the one who is dying. I have known a number of instances where men and women have felt impelled by a sense of duty or a fear of the Hereafter to tell secrets that should have been buried with them. If by confessing they could right wrongs, relieve the living from any odium or disability which was being unjustly put upon them, of course it would be wrong and cowardly to refuse to divulge. But I know of no law which demands that everybody shall tell all he or she knows, sick or well. If we were all to do this, the world would soon be in a ferment and life would not be worth living.

Blessed is the peacemaker, and if in the interests of peace a lad could deny himself that all dying people seem to desire, the making of a full confession, to be followed by the feeling of complete pardon, there is no doubt he did it with the noblest possible motive and his conduct is worthy of admiration.

I bring it, and the city should attend to the job and not let it out to speculators.

It will take a million dollars to get our present waterworks system into decent order. By the investment of this million in the Aqueduct scheme the balance of the work can be provided for by bonds issued on the Aqueduct itself and guaranteed by the city. The interest could be relied upon as sure to be derivable from the revenue. An aqueduct sufficiently large to bring down more water than the city will need for fifty years can be built for between seven and eight million dollars. The city now pays in the neighborhood of a hundred and seventy thousand dollars a year to keep its reservoir and mains filled with water. Averaging the next twenty years, and allowing for all the water that anybody desires to use, and the cheapest water privileges for elevators and hydraulic appliances, the cost may be safely

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$\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to the depositor they were unable to use the money "to advantage" and had even been forced to loan some of their super-abundant cash in England at 2 per cent. Why did they not offer it here at four per cent? It strikes me that either money must be as plentiful as potatoes or else there is some poor banking being done. If we could get money in Toronto at 2 per cent. things would boom. However, this did not ease the minds of the Pickering deputation, for the withdrawal of the only bank from their village means the transfer of a great deal of the trade to Whitby, where their banking will have to be done. I am told they asked the Traders' Bank to establish a branch there, but were refused, and in their disappointment they now are turning their eyes towards another institution with but few branches in Ontario. What I have said is, of course, not intended as a reflection on the Ontario Bank, which considering the difficulties through which it has passed and the losses from which it has suffered, finds its stock standing remarkably well.

Following the information given in our last week's issue, we find that regular investors are looking after good stock, especially municipal debentures, which will bear at least $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and this movement will no doubt operate very much upon other kinds of stock with similar security.

I hear there is a boom at Sault Ste. Marie, owing to the purchase of the water power by an American syndicate. Sault Ste. Marie has been a pretty sore spot for the last twenty years, and it may be the same for twenty years to come, unless there should be some actual improvement derived from the extension of this water power, but before investors sink their money in such boom I would recommend them to take the very best advice possible.

The momentous question, not of the day, but of the hour and the minute, put by each one to another is: How are you off for cash? That money has become scarcer among the rank and file, day after day for some time past, is a fact patent to everyone who has the pleasure of having a cent in his pocket, and a painful fact to the many who have not a cent. Many a wife has said to her husband, "If I had money I could buy things cheap—things that we require but cannot get." This is a matter which comes to my knowledge as a true remark, for one has only to go to any dry-goods store and find there goods offered at about one-fourth of their original cost delivered in Toronto, but they cannot be sold. They would be sold if even the economical housewife had the money. Now what is the cause of this stringency? It may be largely put down to the contraction of the currency by the Banks to a greater extent, and the consequent contraction of business. It may result in the end in bringing about steady, but weak, financial condition because there is a universal screw put on, from the highest degree to the lowest, for payments, but, in the meantime this causes a considerable amount of distress, and if the drastic system is continued may cause a famine. The contraction of currency has always aggravated a crisis. When trade is in a fair state a merchant will receive an offer of additional accommodation so as to enable him to extend his business. The moment the business has grown to a certain point the screw is applied, and the result is, in a great many cases, failure. Now, whether rightly or wrongly stated, yet it has been stated, that one great cause of the stringency is the many in Canada has been the account of the holding up by the Banks for the sake of this Canadian Loan which has just been issued.

What Bank, or Banks, may get shares in this Loan is not known yet, but as most of them took care to offer a minimum of 95, it is not likely that much of the Loan will be subscribed by Canadian Banks. This will result in a partial relief at least, by persuading Banks to be more generous in their credits, and therefore allow more money to get into circulation among the many poor. It may be noted, however, that over £1,000,000 sterling were offered from Canada, and the whole loan could have been taken up here, but under-writing was not permitted. It is, however, hinted in some circles that there are some other large schemes on hand, which may tend in some way to prevent the freer circulation which everyone would desire to see. It would be well, however, to invest in the very best thing that are supposed to be hatching, and let them take good advice. There is one very significant remark in the report issued of the London & Ontario Investment Company, that the directors had experienced more difficulty than formerly in securing satisfactory investments. Now this Company, which is managed under the auspices of some of the best men in the country, has found it necessary this last year to re-organize their style of business to a great extent because of the depreciation in the value of real estate. The gross receipts from interest this year amount to \$12,000 less than last year from the Province of Manitoba alone, and they have had to appoint a special salesman to dispose of the properties which fell into their hands. To show that there should be no difficulty in obtaining information as to the very best way, even the *London & Ontario Investor's* director, Russell, paid the own fees, and, by pursuing this economical policy, just held their own. They have, however, taken the precaution to provide against real estate emergencies by adding \$14,000 to the Property Suspense Account. This shows how careful investors should be in attempting to touch ticklish and badly situated real estate at present, seeing that this Company has gone in for a special measure for the selection of new mortgage loans.

It quite lies within the province of this article, which is written entirely for the benefit of investors, to draw attention to the fact that the net earnings are \$52,751.37, that the expenses of the management, office expenses, expenses in connection with debentures, inspection charges, Manitoba expenses and commissions, amounted to more than one-half of the net revenue. We will look in the face of these facts why the investors should not insist still further upon the decrease of these expenditures, so as to allow those who have their money at risk to reap a greater benefit.

The high interest paid, however, which goes to the benefit of the shareholder, is correspondingly hard upon the borrower, and in connection with this it may be remarked that the Traders' Bank has issued a card explaining that they give four per cent. for deposits because they pay only six per cent. instead of seven per cent. to stockholders.

ESAU.

Social and Personal.

Mr. Percy Robertson sailed last week on the Seneca from New York en route to Mexico, where he will remain for some years.

Mrs. Worthington and Mrs. Elwood have taken a house on St. George street, lately occupied by Mr. D. R. Dinnick, and will be settled for the winter in a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Smart and family sail for Europe on November 15.

Mrs. Willie Davidson's tea on Saturday last was a very large and successful affair. An immense number of people were present and a very pleasant hour was spent by the friends of

this stately and gracious hostess. Among the guests were: Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. McAndrew, Captain Tassie, Mrs. Worthington, Mrs. J. Scott, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Brock, Mrs. McMurchy, Mrs. Dwight, Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. Hugh McDonald, Mrs. Fitton, Dr. Ryerson, Miss Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Janes, Miss Thorburn, Miss Sweny, Miss Scott, Miss Elma Arthurs, Mrs. Sydney Greene, Mrs. Gibson, Miss Denny, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Miss Mackay, and many others.

Mrs. Crowley of St. George street returned home last week, looking as bright and charming as ever.

Mrs. John I. Davidson's At Home summoned most of society's brightest lights to the charming house on St. George street. From five o'clock the roll of carriages, the *frou frou* of silks, and the mad chatter of a hundred tongues echoed through the bright and fragrant air. It was a very jolly tea and was characterized by a perfection of management which one expects from an experienced and clever hostess. Mrs. Davidson received in a faint-tinted silk and was prettily assisted by Miss Leslie, whom everyone now gladly claims as a Toronto girl. "Bonnie Leslie" naturally comes into one's mind, with a thought of Mrs. Herbert Martin's heroines, when one meets Miss Leslie's sweet cordial glances. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, with Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, Mrs. and the Misses Dawson, Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mesdames W. and J. Crowther, Mrs. and Miss Lee, Misses Gooderham (of Maplecroft), Arthur, Bunting, Mrs. Natress and Mrs. Dunsford, Mrs. W. Andrews, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. Paterson, Mrs. McLaren and Mrs. A. Mowat, Mrs. W. Matthews, Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Mrs. D'Eynecourt Strickland, Miss Swaby, Mrs. W. Goulding, Mesdames Wright, Alfred Cameron, Moffatt, W. Davidson, Alex. Davidson, S. Macdonald, Campbell Macdonald, Wyld, Mrs. and Miss Beatty, Mrs. Arkle, the Misses McCutcheon, Mrs. Charles Temple and Mrs. Charles Macdonald were a very few of the ladies present. Two "daughters of the gods, divinely tall," and looking very sweet and lovely in their different styles, were Mrs. Edward Fisher in silver gray and black, and Mrs. John D. Hay in gray with a trifl of shell pink crepe as a yoke and a chic little jet and pink bonnet.

Mrs. Sinclair gave a charming tea on Friday of last week, at which I noticed Mesdames Hay, Paterson, Edwarde, Harry Greene, W. Ince, R. Pringle, W. Ince, Jr., Allen Aylesworth, Frank Anglin, Ireland and Baldwin.

Mrs. and Miss Morrison of Jarvis street have been in New York for a visit.

Mrs. George Dickson of Upper Canada College will be at Home to a large circle of friends this afternoon.

Mrs. William Mackenzie gives a *debutante* tea at her home on Sherbourne street on Tuesday next for the introduction of her daughters, who will come out at the Yacht Club ball. Several other *debutantes* are awaiting that majestic function to make their entrance into society.

Mrs. Merritt of St. George street gave a dinner on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Carter Troop gave a college tea in rooms at Trinity College on Thursday afternoon.

A dinner was given at Chudleigh on Tuesday evening.

Miss Proudfit had a tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Grace of Madison avenue gave a luncheon on Tuesday. Covers were laid for twelve. Mrs. Grace also gave an evening on the same date for the Misses Mackenzie.

Mrs. W. R. Meredith of Rosedale gave a charming tea yesterday afternoon.

Another Friday tea was that given by Mrs. Temple of Simcoe street.

A large dinner was given by Mrs. Wyld on Thursday evening. Covers were laid for twenty.

Mrs. C. McDonald of Tilsonburg, who has been the guest of Mrs. R. J. Walker of 361 Markham street, has returned home.

The hostesses on the south side of St. Joseph street have changed their reception day from Tuesday to Friday, and both sides of the street now have the same day.

Mrs. Cattanach has taken Rev. Street Macklem's house on Elm avenue for the winter. Mrs. Macklem is not to return before next summer. I believe Mr. Macklem will remain with his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem of The Glen, Rosedale.

The annual meetings of the Infants' and Girls' Homes took up the time usually devoted to Friday visits by many of the *beau monde* last week. There was continual arrival and departure of the people interested in both charities, and a good deal of quiet stealing away as evening gathered, for a number had a strong attraction on the West Side, where Mrs. and Miss Chadwick had an enormous tea. I am told that Miss Gaylord sang beautifully at the latter function, and that the world and his wife were there, the handsome house on Howland avenue being packed with people. At the Girls' Home the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick were the guests *par excellence*, and I also remarked Messrs. Oliver Howland, M.P.P., R. S. Baird, Dr. Gekie, J. D. Oliver, Warden Massie, Rev. A. Baldwin Coleman, A. M. Smith and others, while the ladies turned out in great force, Mesdames H. Macdonald, W. Matthews, Darling, Pingle, Mitchell, Andrew Smith, J. D. King, Gooderham, Orr, Fred Garvin, and a score of bright and interested lady managers being of the number. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who is adored by the small girls, presented them with an ideal cake, all pink and silver, with a Union Jack floating from the topmost turret. The gracious lady patroness came down to the dining-hall when the children were at tea and cut the presentation cake. The smallest girl in the Home, Marlon Perkins, aged two, pre-

sented a bouquet of white chrysanthemums from the children to Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and a *bouquetiere* to match to His Honor. Every gentleman taking part in the meeting was similarly decorated, and "white chrysanthemum day" was thus inaugurated in the Girls' Home. Five o'clock tea was served in a very dainty manner by the refreshment committee, Mesdames Wellington, Neville, and Misses Wardrop and Ellis. Mrs. Fred Garvin and Miss Carrie Sanders played charmingly, and Miss Sanders' bright composition, the All Night Polka, was much admired by the lady patrons.

Mrs. Percy Galt, who is one of the brightest and busiest members of the Girls' Home Board, was unfortunately unable to be at the meeting on account of recent family bereavement.

Mrs. Rutter, who has recently become mistress of a lovely new home in Rosedale, gave a large tea on Thursday afternoon of last week. The home was profusely decorated with plants and flowers, a mandolin orchestra being almost completely screened from view by a hedge of exquisite verdure. The refreshments were served by a bright bevy of young ladies at quartette tables, and a lovely function was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. J. W. F. Ross gave a tea on Friday to a number of lady friends.

Mrs. John Cawthra gave a delightful dinner one evening last week, Thursday, I think, and entertained also on Wednesday of this week.

Mrs. Folingaby gave a second luncheon last week, which vied with her first in daintiness and success. The function took place on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty entertained at dinner last Friday.

Mrs. Walter Massey gave up her charming house to those wishing to aid the Deaconesses' Home, on Thursday and Friday evenings. The tickets were set at a smart price and the whole proceeds went to the Home, Mrs. Massey providing a programme of much excellence and refreshments of the most tempting at her own expense. Needless to chronicle, the dual affair was a great success.

Mrs. Campbell of Walmer road entertained friends at dinner on Friday of last week.

Mrs. Stephen Howard entertained a party of friends at dinner last Friday evening.

A very nice afternoon tea was given by Mrs. Wood of Wenonah on Tuesday, at which a large number of ladies attended to meet Miss Edgeland. During the afternoon Mrs. Wood gave a charming reading, which made an extremely interesting break in the usual chatter and was received with much gratification.

Miss Wilkie, who has been home for some time and was warmly welcomed after her absence, was hostess to a party of friends for dinner on Friday evening.

Miss Benson of Port Hope has been visiting Mrs. Otter at Stanley Barracks.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Greene gave a pretty dinner on Thursday evening of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hughes of Jarvis street have had a couple of guests for the past week, who are on a trip around the world, Messrs. Turnbull. The gentlemen were guests at the Athletic Club dance.

Mr. and Mrs. George McMurrich of Peter street entertained at dinner on Monday evening.

Mrs. Joseph Cawthra of Guiseley House returned from an English and Continental visit of some months. Miss Grace Cawthra accompanied her mother, but Mr. Jack has remained at Malvern College. Mrs. Cawthra is now at the Queen's, but will shortly return to Guiseley House.

Miss Katie Stevenson is away on a visit.

Mr. Martland has returned from a long visit to Hamilton and is to be for the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Brown on Willow street.

Major Leigh left on October 19 for the Georgian Bay, with a hunting party.

Rev. J. P. Cushing, M.A., staff missioner of the Church of England Parochial Mission Society, who is holding the ten-day mission at the Church of the Ascension, beginning tomorrow, will be the guest of Mrs. Henry Garrett Baldett of Simcoe street during his stay in this city.

Miss Kerr of Manning avenue gave a most delightful *euchre* party and dance on Friday evening of last week. Among those present were: Misses Mowat, Morrison, Holson, Stovel, Neubert, Kerr, and Messrs. Stratton, Shields, Doud, Saddler, Jones, Hanigan and many others.

Mrs. Annie Croft Jarvis, who has been welcomed by many old friends during her visit in Toronto, is a distinct personality, gracious, beautiful and intellectual. One feels that there is a head as well as a heart in her sweet and womanly make-up, and grudges Montreal the presence of this wise and winning daughter of Toronto.

Messrs. A. G. Chambers, E. J. Fawke, J. W. Isaac, H. J. Webster and C. E. Chambers of Parkdale are away in the Lake Timiskaming country on a hunting expedition. They have thrown up a log cabin in the woods and are roughing it.

Mrs. Will Hyslop, Jr., will receive on the second Monday and Tuesday of each month. Miss Annie Richards of Woodstock is visiting Mrs. Hyslop, and was a member of the group who helped Mrs. Hyslop to receive last week, and looked very bright and pretty in a buttercup silk frock.

A distribution of medals and certificates from the Central Ontario School of Art and Industrial Design will be made by Mayor Kennedy at the Art Gallery on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Ridout's reception on Wednesday was crowded with callers who came to welcome the

popular bride to her place in Toronto society as a matron. It is safe to predict that Mrs. Ridout will be even more popular than was Miss Islay Swabey.

A downpour of rain on Wednesday morning threatened to spoil a couple of teas and to mar the attendance at the weekly reception held at Government House. But the weather repented of a temporary sulky fit and brightened up delightfully before noon. Therefore the teas flourished and the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick had many hearty handshakes to give and receive. Colonel Tilton of Ottawa and Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Whyte were among the non-residents of the city who like to look upon the warmth and brightness of the gubernatorial drawing-rooms on Wednesdays.

Mr. Langmuir was there, looking very well after his holiday, and reporting Mrs. Langmuir cosily settled at Von Bock's in Brussels for the winter; Mrs. Mackenzie brought her daughters and Miss Besse Macdonald, Miss Ralph, who is leaving shortly for Virginia, Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. Martland, Mrs. Covert Moffat, Mr. and Mrs. Willmett Matthews, Mrs. Brouse, Dr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Dr. and Mrs. Patton, Mrs. Patton, Mr. FitzGibbon, Mr. Reginald Thomas, the Misses Meredith, Mr. Harry Wyatt, Mrs. and Miss Bunting, Mrs. Scarth, who, by the way, will be for the winter *en pension* at Huron and Cecil streets, Mrs. John D. Hay, Mrs. Kay, Mayor Kennedy and Miss Kennedy, Miss Burns, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. Harry Paterson and Miss Green.

Mrs. Fiskin and Mrs. Grant Ridout gave a tea on Thursday afternoon at Lawton Park.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mrs. Kerr Osborne in the loss of her father, who died this week. Society loses one of its brightest ornaments when the hostess of Clover Hill is in mourning and regrets her seclusion and its sad cause extremely.

Miss Lorraine Lesslie of Kingston is visiting Miss Ada Lowndes of Madison avenue.

Mrs. J. S. Jackson of Seaforth is spending a fortnight with friends on Mackenzie crescent.

At Mrs. Chadwick's tea on Friday, among others were: Mesdames Beatty, Gillespie, Anderson, Armstrong, Reginald Lockhart, Bolte, Cameron, Arthur Vankoughnet, Gibson, Duggan, Roberts, McDonald, Wyld, J. Crowther, Hay, Fred Gillespie, Greene, Gooderham, and Misses Mullock, Edith Lockhart, Gooderham, Greene, Arthur, Minna Parsons and Beatty. Mrs. Chadwick wore black silk and lace, and the Misses Chadwick were in white with colored ribbons.

Mrs. E. B. Abercrombie, wife of Mr. Abercrombie, editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. D. Lundy of 52 Springhurst avenue.

Mrs. J. W. Scott and Miss Scott of Listowel are visiting Mrs. (Dr.) Tweedie of Simpson avenue.

As the Links grow bleak and chilly and damp and the roads muddy, golfers and equestrians will be driven to some indoor methods of passing time. The season of clubs is upon us, and there are rumors of several in course of formation. A dramatic and literary club in connection with the Athletic is whispered about; a small and very exclusive French club is also on the *tapet*; a social club to give a series of *soirees dansantes* at the houses of various leaders of society is also being talked of. From this assortment some employment and amusement can be assured to every golfer and rider who longs for anything but inaction.

I have heard a rumor that one of the most admired of society's belles meditates renouncing the pomps and vanities and devoting her time to the study of nursing. Surely the very sight of her sweet face would be not only a panacea for sore eyes, but for any other ill that flesh is heir to, but I very much fear that a convalescence, under her care would pass too quickly to please the patient.

November promises to be a very gay and festive month. In fact, the winter of '94-'95 offers a bright promise of glad and good things; balls, large and small, club dances, concerts and theaters, and a veritable *bonne bouche* of music on several occasions in the Massey Music Hall. The Melba quartette is something unusually strong, and the queen of song, Madame Melba, has apparently won Toronto before going through the correct preliminaries of *veni vidie*, for when the list for subscribers was opened, five hundred dollars had poured in in a very few moments.

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Social and Personal.

An impromptu surprise party visited Mrs. Finch of Dupont avenue upon the occasion of her birthday on Monday of last week, to offer congratulations and good wishes. The hostess was assisted by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Watkins, Miss Julia Silliman and Miss Margaretta Steele. Among those present were some old friends from her former home in Mobile: Mr., Mrs., and Miss Dwight of Alabama, Mrs., and Miss Duvernay, formerly of Mobile, Ala., Mr. and Mrs. Richards of New York, Messrs. Harry Watkins, J. R. Silliman and Frank Piper, and Miss Daisy Silliman. Congratulations were received from Miss Potter of New Jersey and others. Most of the guests offered Mrs. Finch presents worthy of the occasion.

That a little observation and cleverness is always sure to evoke new things from old, and make even common resources interesting, was strikingly illustrated in the decoration of a smart tea table at one of last week's prettiest affairs. The knowing little hostess was struck with the gorgeous coloring of a specially favored maple. The leaves were gathered and used instead of flowers for table garniture. The effect elicited much admiration from every guest.

I hear of several ladies who have, under the direction of their physicians, begun to take lessons in cycling. Now that we have miles of continuous asphalt roads in Toronto, it is only a question of time before many a dame and demoiselle connue of the elect will take a morning constitutional on the invigorating wheel.

By the way, we have cycling parsons, lawyers, doctors and military men, and I am informed that we are to have a cycling M.P.P. toute suite. The handsomest and most courtly Roman of them all has made up his mind to buy a wheel.

Mr. W. C. McCarthy has purchased the very pretty residence, 93 Spence avenue, Parkdale. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, who have been guests at the Arlington since last spring, will immediately remove into their new home. Mrs. McCarthy's receiving days are first and third Thursdays of each month.

Mr. C. F. Mansell and Mr. G. F. Ball, with a party of friends, left for Parry Sound district expecting to have a good time.

The engagement of Mr. Harold Jones and Miss Lillie Mantz has been announced.

Miss Millie Evison, a very talented young pianist, pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, will give an invitation piano recital in St. George's Hall, Elm street, on Wednesday evening, November 14. Miss Evison will be assisted by Miss Lina Adamson, violiniste, whose clever work has been frequently noted in this column.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. G. Sharpe of Dun-dalk entertained a number of her young friends at her beautiful residence, The Willows, on Parton street, in honor of her guests, Mrs. Thomas Brown of Durham and Miss Heron of Corbetton. The evening was spent in progressive pedro and dancing. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. John McIntyre, Misses Richardson, Morrison, Peaker, Lemon, Pateson, Parsons, McGregor, Hanbury, Long, McCallum, Green and Bannon, Messrs. Doherty, Thomas McIntyre, Perkins, Moore, Ferguson, Lemon, Symington, Martin, McGregor, Edwards and J. L. McKenzie. Among those from a distance were: Messrs. W. J. McFarland, Sprule, and William and J. H. Dundas of Markdale.

On Friday afternoon of last week a very enjoyable At Home was held at Toorak, the spacious residence of Mr. T. W. Saunders of Guelph. A great many society people paid their respects to Mr. Saunders, who was ably assisted in her duties by her daughter, Miss Nettie, also Misses Chisholm, Pipe, Thompson and Crawford. A very pleasing feature was the great number of men who appeared during the afternoon in honor of their charming hostess. Among others I noticed: Mrs. J. M. Bond and her guest, Mrs. Mandeville Merritt of Toronto, Mrs. E. Harvey, Mrs. McConkey, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Nelles, Mrs. Pipe, Mrs. Bell, and Mrs. Guthrie.

A very interesting event in history was celebrated for the first time in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curzon, at Curzon House, Goderich, on Thursday of last week, by a dinner party, it being the anniversary of the Charge of the Light Brigade, which was led by Mr. Curzon's great uncle, Lord Cardigan, on October 25, 1854. Dinner was served *a la Russe*, with a most *recherché* menu to a number of guests, who afterwards took wine in silence "To the memory of the glorious heroes of the past." The name of Cardigan was prettily designed in autumn leaves and formed an object of interest, together with many beautiful pictures and other things. Mr. Arthur Curzon looked lovely in pink *glaçé* trimmed with *chiffon*, and charmed her guests with her delightful playing and singing. Among those present were: Captain Halifax of Lakesfield, Mrs. Edward Leigh of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Radcliffe, Mr. and Mrs. Widder and Miss McDonald.

A pleasant evening was spent on Friday of last week by the Island Nicotine Club at the residence of their commodore, Mr. H. M. Price. It was the occasion of the first re-union since their organization on the Island at the close of the summer, and it is the intention of the members to hold these meetings regularly during the winter. Music by the club's orchestra and cards were the features of the evening. These were present: Messrs. H. M. Price, H. Y. McNaught, J. G. Merrick, E. H. Tyner, E. B. Price, E. E. Goldman, A. J. Ralph and R. E. Gagen.

The Saturday Night Sketch Club, in connection with the Woman's Art Association, holds its first sketch for the season at Thorne Villa, 250 Rusholme road, the home of Mrs. Dignam, on Saturday, November 3, at 7:45 p.m. Dr. C. E. Saunders will give a short lecture on the Chemistry of Paints, and an hour will be spent in sketching from the model.

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Favorite Coming.

The Kimball Opera Comique Company, headed by the peerless Corinne, will soon appear at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House in the picturesque and romantic burlesque opera bouffe, Hendrick Hudson, or the Discovery of Columbus. The work is by William Gill and Robert Fraser, and was first produced by Fay Templeton. Its possibilities were seen by Mrs. Kimball, the shrewd mother of Corinne, and she secured it for that little artiste. The wisdom of the selection has already been shown in the long run and great success of the production in Chicago. The scene of the opera is laid in New Amsterdam in 1809, afterwards in the Everglades of Florida, showing the Fountain of Youth, for which Ponce de Leon searched in vain, and finally in the electric palace on the



Corinne.

grounds of the World's Fair. It will be seen by this outline that there is a fine opportunity for splendid stage settings, and special scenic features. It is well known that Mrs. Kimball stages her productions without regard for expense, and such a prolific subject as the romantic history of Hendrick Hudson therefore promises a rich treat when she assumes to place it before the public. Corinne herself will appear in the title part, which affords every opportunity for the clever specialties that have become a feature of her work. Her specialties this year include tambourine and picture songs, and dances, mandolin serenades, the famous La Polona in Spanish, and a London music hall medley.

How to Get Rid of Fleas.

"You are bothered a great deal by insects, are you not?" asked a New Yorker of Colonel Sumpter McBride, who is visiting Gotham.

"The fleas pester us some, but I've got a way of getting rid of 'em when they get too thick in the house."

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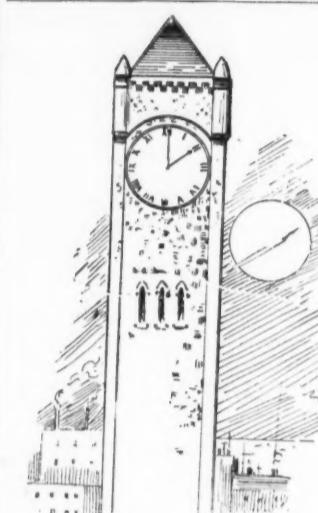
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On the India Frontier.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

"Want Berlyng," he seemed to be saying, though it was difficult to catch the words, for we were almost within range, and the fight was a sharp one. It was the old story of India frontier warfare; too small a force and a foe foolishly underrated.

The man they had just brought in—laying him hurriedly on a bed of pine-noodles, in the shade of the conifers where I had halted my little train—poor Charles Noon of the Sikhs, was done for. His right hand was at the wrist and the shoulder was almost severed.

I bent my ear to his lips and heard the words which sounded like "Want Berlyng."

We had a man in the force called Berlyng, a gunner, who was around at the other side of the fort that was to be taken before night, two miles away at least.

"Do you want Berlyng?" I asked slowly and distinctly. Noon nodded and his lips moved. I bent my head again until my ear almost touched his lips.

"How long have I?" he was asking.

"Not long, I am afraid, old chap."

His lips closed with a queer, distressed look. He was sorry to die. "How long?" he asked again.

"About an hour."

But I knew it was less. I attended to others, thinking all the while of poor Noon. His home life was little known, but there was some story about an engagement at Poonah the previous warm weather. Noon was rich and he cared for the girl; but she did not return the feeling. In fact, there was someone else. It appears that the girl's people were ambitious and poor and that Noon had promised large settlements. At all events the engagement was a known affair and gossips whispered that Noon knew about the someone else and would not give her up. He was, I know, thought badly of by some, especially by the elders.

However, the end of it all lay on a sheet beneath the pines and watched me with such persistence that I was at last forced to go to him.

"Have you sent for Berlyng?" he asked, with a breathlessness which I knew too well.

Now I had not sent for Berlyng, and it requires more nerve than I possess to tell unnecessary lies to a dying man. The necessary ones are quite different, and I shall not think of them when I go to my account.

"Berlyng could not come if I sent for him," I replied soothily. "He is two miles away from here, trenching the North Wall, and I have nobody to send. The messenger will be run through the gauntlet of the enemy's earthworks."

"I'll give the man a hundred pounds who does it!" replied Noon in his breathless whisper. "Berlyng will come sharp enough. He hates me too much."

He broke off with a laugh which made me feel sick.

I found a wounded water-carrier—a fellow with a stray bullet in his hand—who volunteered to find Berlyng, and then I returned to Noon and told him what I had done. I knew that Berlyng could not come.

He nodded and I think he said, "God bless you."

"I want to put something right," he said, after an effort; "I've been a blackguard."

I waited a little, in case Noon wished to re-pose some confidence in me. Things are so seldom put right that it is wise to facilitate such intentions. But it appeared obvious that what Noon had to say could only be said to Berlyng. They had, it subsequently transpired, not been on speaking terms for some months.

I was turning away when Noon suddenly cried out in his natural voice, "There is Berlyng."

I turned and saw one of my men, Swearney, carrying in a gunner. It might be Berlyng, for the uniform was that of a captain, but I could not see his face. Noon, however, seemed to recognize him.

I showed Swearney where to lay his man, close to me, alongside Noon, who at that moment required all my attention, for he had fainted.

In a moment Noon recovered, despite the heat, which was tremendous. He lay quite still, looking up at the patches of blue sky between the dark, motionless tops of the pine trees.

His face was livid under the sunburn, and as I wiped the perspiration from his forehead he closed his eyes with the abandon of a child. Some men, I have found, die like children going to sleep. He slowly recovered and I gave him a few drops of brandy. I thought he was dying and decided to let Berlyng wait.

I did not even glance at him as he lay, covered with dust and blackened by the smoke of his beloved nine-pounds, a little to the left of Noon and behind me as I knelt at the latter's side. After a while his eyes grew brighter and he began to look about him.

He turned his head painfully, for the muscles of his neck were injured, and caught sight of the gunner's uniform. "Is that Berlyng?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes."

He dragged himself up and tried to get nearer to Berlyng. And I helped him. They were close alongside each other. Berlyng was lying on his back, staring up at the blue patches between the dark, motionless tops of the pine trees.

Noon turned on his left elbow and began whispering into the smoke-grimed ear.

"Berlyng," I heard him say, "I was a blackguard. I am sorry, old chap. I played it very low down. It was a dirty trick. It was my money—and how people were anxious for her to marry a rich man. I worked it through her people. I wanted her so badly that I forgot I was supposed—to be a—gentleman. I found out—that it was you—she cared for. But I couldn't make up my mind to give her up. I kept her—to her word. And now it's all up with me—but you'll pull through and it will all—come right. Give her my—love—old chap. You can now—because I'm gone. I'm glad they brought you in—because I've been able to tell you—that it is you she cares for. You—Berlyng, old chap, who used to be a chum of mine. She cares for you—God, you're in luck! I don't know whether she's told you—and I was a d—d blackguard."

His jaw suddenly dropped—and he rolled forward with his face against Berlyng's shoulder.

Berlyng was dead when they brought him in.

He had heard nothing. Or perhaps he had heard and understood—even him—Henry Seton Merriman in *National Observer*.

New Books and Magazines.



N his latest book, John Bull & Co. (Charles Webster & Co.), Max O'Rell tells this story about himself: I had just returned to the hotel after having given a lecture to the Scotch at the Town Hall. I was half undressed, when there came a knock at my bedroom door. It was a waiter bearing a card; the Presbyterian minister of the town wished to see me at once on a very urgent matter. I bid the waiter show the reverend gentleman up. A man of about fifty, in the usual black ecclesiastical coat and white cravat, and holding a soft felt hat, appeared in the doorway, wearing a sad face. I recognized him as one of my audience that evening.

"Excuse my costume," I began, "but you wished to speak to me on urgent business, and I thought best not to make you wait."

"There is nothing the matter with your dress," he broke in; "this is not an affair of the body, but of the soul. I have come to pray for you."

I was taken little by surprise and felt a trifle disconcerted, but I quickly regained my composure. "Why, certainly," I said; "with the greatest pleasure, if it can make you happy."

He knelt, put his elbows on the bed, buried his head in his hands, and began, "Lord, this man whom Thou seest near me is not a sinful man; he is suffering from the evil of the century; he has not been touched by Thy grace; he is a stranger, come from a country where religion is turned to ridicule. Grant that his travels through our godly lands may bring him into the narrow way that leads to everlasting life."

The prayer, most of which I spare you, lasted at least ten minutes. When he had finished, my visitor rose and held out his hand. I shook it.

"And now," said I, "allow me to pray for you."

He signified consent by a movement of the hand. I did not go on my knees, but with all the fervor that is in me I cried, "Lord, this man whom thou seest beside me is not a sinful man. Have mercy upon him, for he is a Pharisee, who doubts not for one moment, and that without knowing me, that he is better than I. Thou who hast sent in vain Thy Son on earth to cast out the Pharisees, let Thy grace descend upon this one: teach him that the foremost Christian virtue is charity, and that the greatest charity is that which teaches us that we are no better than our brethren. This man is blinded by pride; convince him, open his eyes, pity him, and forgive him, as I forgive him. Amen."

I looked at my good Presbyterian. He was rooted to the floor, amazement written on his face. I once more took his hand and shook it. "And now," said I, "we are quits. Good night." He went away somewhat abashed, pocketing the mild reproof.

After five years of labor, with the help of two hundred and forty-seven editors and the enormous expenditure of nearly one million dollars, the Funk & Wagnalls Company announce that the last page of the second, the concluding, volume of the new Standard Dictionary is now in type. This volume will be ready for delivery in November.

Sporadic Scott manuscripts crop up every now and again, and some false ones were recently exposed in London. Some genuine manuscripts were recently unearthed right here in Ontario, however. Some time ago a quantity of furniture was sent from Edinburgh to Hamilton, Ontario, and later this lot was at the latter place sold by auction. A bureau contained a missive written by Sir Walter, from Castle street, Edinburgh, in 1820, which had been sent to a young author, giving him advice about publishing a book, as well as hints respecting entering the profession of authorship. The letter, which is now the property of Hon. Judge Robertson, Cincinnati, has just been submitted to Mr. William Brown, an Edinburgh antiquarian expert, who pronounces it genuine.

The last review of the memoirs of Sir John A. Macdonald, written by Mr. Joseph Pope, has been sent to the English publisher, and in about four weeks' time the volumes will be issued to the reading public. Mr. Pope had access to Sir John's private papers, and touches upon many points in Canadian history of the past forty years, upon which much controversy has taken place.

It is somewhat late to say anything about Esther Waters, the novel which was refused circulation in England by Mudie and Smith. The book impresses me as one that can be read with profit by strong minded people, but which, when read by young people, can have no other effect but to impart a soiling knowledge of life. I cannot imagine any young people deriving any possible advantage from it. On a street car (in the seat reserved for smokers) I one night heard a young man highly recommend it to another because of its bald account of how Esther was ruined. This incident, as such and apart from its consequences, was a very subordinate event in the mind of the author, yet nothing is more certain than that upon this pure mind will sustain a shock and impure ones dwell unduly. All novelists depict the death of virtue as a highly tragic affair, whereas Mr. Moore treats it as gradual and commonplace. And he is right. It has for a long time been my observation that a criminal has the conscience of a criminal before he perpetrates an actual crime. By a gradual process all changes are wrought. Esther Waters, from a prim Plymouth Sister, unconsciously changed until she found herself betting on horse races, and felt herself no worse than she ever was, even when she became William's wife, tended bar and abetted his gambling practices. She had been operated upon by her daily environments and her point of view altered unconsciously. I hold that a man who kills another accidentally, or in a moment of passing passion, is the only one who feels the pangs of which sentimental

people tell us. The one who murders of set purpose does not perceive the enormity of his act, for there being nothing repulsive to him in contemplating it beforehand, there comes to him no horror in reviewing it when done. This explains the passivity of convicted murderers. The author of Esther Waters treats human nature as he knows it to be, and not as he sentimentally views it in others. He sees the error of equipping horse-jockeys and race-track loungers with consciences that are found nowhere outside young ladies' seminaries. But still, I do not greatly prize the book. It is skilful but repulsive.

The *Literary Digest*, since it became an illustrated weekly, is a paper that everyone anxious to keep up to date on books and literary people should have. It is published by Funk & Wagnalls, 9 Richmond street west.

In connection with the offer of one thousand guineas by the *Statist* for the best essay on Imperial Federation, Mr. Gladstone has addressed to that paper the following note: "The authority of the *Statist* is great, and the prize is magnificent. But I do not feel myself qualified to take any part in the proceeding now contemplated until (1) I can see a better prospect of obtaining a practical result, and (2) am satisfied that a mode has been found of forming such a union without its involving any concession to the principle of protection."

I see that the *Toronto World* has written to Dr. A. Conan Doyle in reference to the Westwood murder case. Conan Doyle has created the greatest detective of fiction, Sherlock Holmes, a man who applied to all cases that came under his notice a plan of the closest observation and deduction, noting the smallest facts and leading to great conclusions without apparent clues. Yet, when he explained the things that guided him, it was seen that his processes were the most natural and simple imaginable. Dr. Doyle repudiates, not in his letter to the *World*, but he has repudiated elsewhere, the assumption that he has any of the qualities of the detective. He says he is quite deficient in observation, but this cannot be denied. Of course, nothing can come of referring this matter to Conan Doyle, for he will no doubt decline to place himself in a false position; yet it would be most interesting if he would weigh the facts, and in the Sherlock Holmes method draw deductions therefrom.

REVIEWER.

Awfully Embarrassing.

Sue—Did you hear about Blanche's terribly embarrassing experience at the theater the other night?

New—No; tell me about it.

"Her hair came down."

"How excessively annoying!"

"But that wasn't the worst of it. It rolled over the seats and was only recovered after a good deal of trouble, and then you can fancy what a condition it was in."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

GO TO THE FOUNTAIN

Your Burden of Pain and Suffering Will Roll Away.

PAINES CELERY COMPOUND HEALS AND CURES.

Thousands Have Been Given a New Lease of Life.

TEST ITS VIRTUES, WEARY SUFFERER.

"Go with thy pains to the fountain,
Go with thy load of disease;
Use nature's curer and healer,
Thou shalt have health, strength and ease."

Every ailing, sick and diseased man, woman and child must go to the same fountain for cure. There is no fashionable or royal road for the elite and wealthy of society; the noble of birth, the titled and affluent must lay hold of the same means for banishing disease and suffering that is so eagerly sought after by those in humbler positions and circumstances.

As the sun shines on the rich and poor, so does Paine's Celery Compound give life, health, strength and a fresh lease of life to people of every grade and class who are victims of nervousness, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, indigestion and liver and kidney troubles.

All troubles roll quickly away when nature's great medicine is used. In the past, tons of physicians have used the secret of that unfailing fountain of virtues, and have been made whole. Thousands are testing it to day, and miraculous results are the fruits. If you are suffering, dear reader, delay no longer; test the great healer that has won so many victories, it will meet your wants and needs. For your encouragement the following letter from Mrs. Fanny M. Huff of Salmon Point, Ont., is given as a proof of what results you may reap if you use Paine's Celery Compound:

"After receiving so much benefit from Paine's Celery Compound, I think it my duty to inform sufferers what this great medicine can do for all who wish to regain health and strength. I have been a great sufferer for years from nervousness and weakness, and have had the advice and attendance of doctors with but little benefit. I was induced to use your Paine's Celery Compound some time ago, and I must confess it is the best medicine I ever used. Nothing else has ever done me so much good, and I do not feel quite a difference now.

"I trust sufferers will not be influenced to use any other medicine while they can procure yours, which does such good work. I cannot speak strongly enough in favor of Paine's Celery Compound, and you may be assured I will always recommend it. You are at liberty to publish this letter in your work."

Yes,
I Tell You

Children will grow up to have a clear and healthy skin if they use

Baby's Own Soap

and will keep it so as long as they continue using it.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Manufacturers, Montreal

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every geographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Geographical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for facts. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

VEDA.—Apparently you do not read my rules.

SCOTT THOMAS.—Your writing is too immature.

STARLIGHT.—Thanks for good wishes. Your study is the formal writing of a mere girl.

SHRIM.—This is a very unfinished study and shows so much crudeness that I don't care to try it just now.

MALIC W. PARKHILL.—This is the tremulous effort of an unformed mind. Please do not ask me to tamper with it.

CARMENCITA.—Try cycling. Ride hard and you'll soon find the superfluous flesh disappear. Your writing has been delineated.

MOONLIGHT.—Please turn off the light, you three! Yours is the "most" mature study, but I am not really here to delineate children's writing.

SUNLIGHT.—I am afraid to advise you about the house-keeping. Your writing is totally uniform and a truthful criticism would make you furious.

VOLA.—Manuscript stories, etc., are not discussed in this column. Contributors to the paper must send their addresses to the editor if they desire to hear about their manuscripts.

OTYLIA DE LIEBE.—I am very remarkable, rather bright, a little quick-tempered, not showing any marked talents, but having a good deal of "go" and enterprise and plenty of decision. The writing shows little culture or finish.

FEUER DE LIS.—I think I could give you a better character when time has settled your writing, but it has no some fine traits. You are discreet, honorable, anxious for praise, hopeful, careful and rather generous. I am sure you will make a fine woman.

CYCLIST J.—It is a most promising hand and should belong to a successful person. Great hope and ambition to rise are seen. At the same time the will power is not fully concentrated, and you have much to learn—caution, carelessness of detail, precision of judgment. Good luck to you!

BELLA DONNA.—A very dreadful specimen. If you want my candid opinion I must say I think you're a rather tiresome person. You are decidedly fond of airing your opinions and these are crude, ill-judged and prejudiced. At the same time you have decided natural ability and no end of cheek.

N. ELIZABETH.—You are sympathetic, hopeful, sweet-tempered and somewhat ambitious, persistent in effort, constant and loving and very open in speech, somewhat humorous, rather slow of comprehension, very truthful, generous and not able to practice economy. The hand of a

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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The Drama.

THE coming of Rev. Dean Hole of Rochester Cathedral, England, must be regarded by everyone who realizes the importance of the man as one of the first of those emphatic benefits which Massey Music Hall will confer upon the city. Without such a hall it would be impossible to gather such an audience as should greet such a man. Dean Hole is one of the greatest pulpit orators and one of the soundest thinkers in England. When he went to Rochester Cathedral he found a vast expanse of comparatively empty seats and learned that this was a historic feature of the services there. He found, too, that when the anthems were sung a large part of the congregation departed in a matter-of-fact manner born of long habit. To-day, when he occupies the pulpit, the great Cathedral is crowded in every part and his sermons outvie the anthems in interest. He is an extempore speaker, has a fine voice and presence, standing six feet three and three-quarter inches in his stockings. He has written several books and pamphlets on social and labor questions, and from one end of the kingdom to the other has endeared himself to the working classes by his bold views on labor problems. He was a personal friend of Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Leech and Tenniel, and is a wit as well as a thinker and an orator. His books, *A Little Trip in Ireland* and *The Reminiscences of Dean Hole*, are irresistible. It has been arranged on the occasion of his Massey Hall lecture on The Church of England, November 19, to employ a chorus of three hundred and fifty voices, made up from the various Episcopal choirs of the city, to render Gounod's *Send Out Thy Light* and other anthems during the evening.

The *Lost Paradise*, a melodrama adapted from the French by Henry C. De Mille, appeared at the Grand for the first half of the week. The company is under the direction of Mr. Gustave Frohman, and Mr. William Morris is star. The first act of the piece on Monday night was about the flattest thing I ever saw on the stage of the Grand. Neither Mr. Morris nor Miss Etta Hawkins had occasion to present themselves, and a lot of mediocre people were left to shift for themselves in the face of a small house. They could not combat the creepy feeling that empty seats inspire in stage folks. It was dead and stupid and people in the pit cracked jokes audibly. But fortunately Mr. Morris, who played the part of Reuben Warner, superintendent of the iron works, came on the stage, and those who had decided to decamp at the end of the act concluded to stay a little longer. And I do not think anyone regretted staying, for the second and third acts were good in construction, and, thanks to Mr. Morris and Miss Hawkins, satisfactory in acting. These two imparted some of their gingers to the others and a good melodramatic performance was the result. The *Cinders* of Miss Hawkins is a creation. Miss Frances Gaunt in the part of Mrs. Margaret Knowlton essays something that would require a much greater actress to do justice to. She misses all the finer shadings of her part so effectually that one rather regrets the success of the hero in winning her at last. The *Lost Paradise* is a melodrama of capital and labor, designed to make the rich ashamed of their riches. I think it has a delicate side purpose of showing that labor causes much of its own misfortunes by allowing itself to be harried into strikes by noisy ranters. The workman who discusses the situation with the proprietors before the strike, talks and acts like a raving lunatic, but of course the gallery cheers the frantic ass. So far from provoking sympathy for his cause, I yearned to land an upper cut on the point of his wildly waving chin.

The *Life Guard* at Jacobs & Sparrow's is a new melodrama by Edwin A. Locke, and Mr. J. J. Dowling is the hero. He reminds me very much of Carl Haswin, and I consider Haswin a very good style of melodramatic hero. Mr. Dowling is tall, deliberate and self-contained. Miss Myra Davis as Drift, the virtuous wif, inseparable from such a play, gives a creditable performance. Jerome K. Jerome has remarked upon the extreme virtue of the British public as shown by the quick applause given by the galleries when honest sentiments are expressed in melodrama. This is strikingly evinced in the play in question, for every hackneyed expression of honesty is applauded until one's ears ache. For instance, when the bad woman offers Drift some money, she draws back and says that she will wear rags until she can buy new clothes with honest money. Of course the gallery goes crazy with delight at an expression of principle so dear to the hearts of everyone up near the ceiling. Yet Drift turns right around and sells one bouquet to four different people in succession, by a lie causing each in turn to throw down the bunch of flowers. That style of thing also conforms with the gallery's idea of honesty. It is very confusing to one who does not view things from the gallery. Scenically the *Life Guard* is good; it is well put together and well acted, and will do good business in popular-price houses. A man to criticize melodrama should never see anything else, for all critics should be comparative unless the critic possess infinite wisdom. The aim of this paper is to speak of every play in comparison with its kind, which

is the only intelligent method where different houses are catering for entirely different patronage.

A. W. Pinero's new comedy, *The Amazons*, has been running at the Grand for the latter half of the week. Miss Johnstone Bennett, who brought Jane to America and made it famous, is the leading Amazon. Miss Bennett is the genius of her class and has made a hit in this city.

By the way, we are getting a great deal of the Frohmans—*might I say Frohmen!*—at the Grand. Almost one-half of the attractions at this house this year have been under the direction of Charles or Gustave Frohman. Usually they handle bright pieces and put on good all-round companies.

The lecture of Rev. H. H. Woude on Macbeth was a scholarly and interesting one, and lovers of Shakespeare must all hope that the reverend gentleman will be heard from again during the winter.

If there is any one person of whom I am particularly tired in melodrama and vaudeville, it is that abominable Bowery girl. She never was anything but vulgar and disgusting, even when seen for the first time, but when we are forced to gaze upon her and her tough consort a score of times during each season, I am surprised that we do not rise up in our seats and chase actors off the stage who come forward with that walk suggestive of hip disease, that gait, that distortion of the neck—that combination of everything repulsive to gaze upon and devoid of humor. If the theatrical companies will not quit this sort of thing we must bias the Bowery act off the stage whenever it limps into view.

Reeves and Palmer's *Cosmopolitans* have been giving a good vaudeville show at the Academy this week. The people of Toronto should stand by the lessees of the Academy of Music in their attempt to establish a theater

am also proud to say I declined. I know something of theatrical managers and preferred to strike out for myself. The first one to give me real help in my profession was Corney Grain. He was ill, and suggested me as his *locum tenens*. I quite enjoy amusing people. The more people are amused the better I can entertain them. My entertainment consists of musical sketches. Every sketch is a story.

"I had one great afternoon that almost made me nervous. That was at Dean's Yard, Westminster, for some charity that I forgot now. When I learned that the Duchess of Albany, the Rothschilds, the Duke of Westminster, Lady Battersea and many others were all there I was a little nervous. But they were most appreciative and kind. Very soon after that event I was invited down to the White Lodge, Richmond, to give an entertainment to the Duke of Teck's family, including the Princess May (now Duchess of York)."

Miss Ganthery stated that she greatly enjoys her tour in this country, and has noted a quick sense of humor very gratifying to an entertainer. She has a delightful personality, as might be premised from the excellent likeness we print on our front page.

The announcement that the popular comedian, Dan McCarthy, whose impersonations of Irish character have always been favorably received in this city, will appear in a new play next week at Jacobs & Sparrow's, will undoubtedly be greeted with pleasure by the patrons of that popular theater. Mr. McCarthy has a great hold upon the hearts of lovers of Irish comedy-drama. His plays, all of which are full of action and rollicking fun, from start to finish, are written by himself,

NOVEMBER



Half Hours With The Poets.

J.—Mr. Wordsworth and the Little Cottage Girl.

"I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old she said,
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head."

—Wordsworth.

T HIS is what really happened.

Over the dreary downs of his native Cumberland the aged laureate was wandering with bowed head and countenance of sorrow.

Timnes was bad with the old man.

In the south pocket of his trousers as he set his face to the north Jingled but a few odd coins and a cheque for St. Leon water. Apparently his cup of bitterness was full.

In the distance a child moved—a child in form, yet the deep lines upon her face bespeak a countenance prematurely old.

The poet epiled, purased and overtook the infant. He observed that apparently she drew her breath lightly and felt her life in every limb, and that presumably her acquaintance with death was of the most superficial character.

"I must sit a while and ponder on that child," murmured the poet. So he knocked her down with his walking stick and seating himself upon her, he pondered.

Long he sat thus in thought. "His heart is heavy," sighed the child.

At length he drew forth a note-book and pencil and prepared to write upon his knee.

"Now, then, my dear young friend," he said, addressing the elfin creature, "I want those lines upon your face. Are you seven?"

"Yes, we are seven," said the girl sadly, and added, "I know what you want. You are going to question me about my afflicted family. You are Mr. Wordsworth and you are collecting mortuary statistics for the Cottagers' Edition of the Penny Encyclopaedia."

"You are eight years old?" asked the bard.

"I suppose so," answered she. "I have been eight years old for years and years."

"And you know nothing of death, of course?" said the poet cheerfully.

"How can I?" answered the child.

"Now, then," resumed the venerable William, "let us get to business. Name your brothers and sisters."

"Let me see," began the child wearily; "there was Rube and Ike, two I can't think of, and John and Jane."

"You mustn't count John and Jane," interupted the bard reprovingly; "they're dead, you know, so that doesn't make seven."

"I wasn't counting them, but perhaps I added up wrongly," said the child; "and will you please move your overshoe off my neck."

"Pardon," said the old man. "A nervous trick I have when absorbed; indeed, the exigency of the meter almost demands my doubling up my feet. To continue, however, which died first?"

"The first to go was little Jane," said the child.

"She lay moaning in bed, I presume?"

"In bed she moaning lay."

"What killed her?"

"Insomnia," answered the girl. "The gaiety of our cottage life, previous to the departure of our elder brothers for Conway, and the constant field sports in which she indulged with John, proved too much for a frame never too robust."

"You express yourself well," said the poet. "Now, in regard to your unfortunate brother, what was the effect upon him in the following winter of the ground being white with snow and your being able to run and slide?"

"My brother John was forced to go," answered she. "We have been at a loss to understand the cause of his death. We fear that the dazzling glare of the newly fallen snow, acting upon a restless brain, may have led him to a fatal attempt to emulate my own feats upon the ice. And oh, sir," the child went on, "speak gently of poor Jane. You may rub it into John all you like; we always let him slide."

"Very well," said the bard, "and allow me, in conclusion, one rather delicate question: Do you ever take your little porringer?"

"Oh, yes," answered the child frankly,

"Quite often after sunset,
When all is light and fair,
I take my little porringer—

I can't quite remember what I do after that, but I know that I like it."

"That is immaterial," said Wordsworth. "I can say that you take your little porringer neat, or with bitters, or in water after every meal. As long as I can state that you take a little porringer regularly, but never to excess, the public is satisfied. And now," rising from his seat, "I will not detain you any longer. Here is a cheque for St. Leon water. Your information has been most valuable, and I shall work it for all I am Wordsworth." With these words the aged poet bowed deferentially to the child and sauntered off in the direction of the Duke of Cumberland's Arms, with his eyes on the ground, as if looking for the meanest flower that blows itself.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

Hearing a faint rustle in the darkened hall, was now, the elder sister, supposing the young man had gone, leaned over the balustrade and called out, "Well, Bebbie, have you landed him?" There was a deep, sepulchral silence for some moments. It was broken by the hesitating, constrained voice of the young man: "She has."

November.

For Saturday Night.

All night the wind with low portentous sigh
Its tale of desolation did repeat;

All night down pouring from the leaden sky
The heavy rain drops beat.

The dark night passed andullen morning broke
Over lowering skies and landscapes gray and wan,

The fitful wind to wilds fury woke
Goes rushing on and on.

The forest trees now gray and gaunt and bare,
Those branches beat in anger or alarm,

Now toss them high in frenzy of despair,
Now bow before the storm.

NON. B. WELLER.

November.

For Saturday Night.

Here by the dying ember
A desolate woman alone,
Surely the darkest November
Ever a heart has known.

Dreams of a new-made grave
Out in the chilling rain,
Sounds of the wind's wild wave
Surging against the pane.

Faint heart with anguish fails,
Alas! what's left to moan?
And the wind echoing walls
Desolate, helpless, alone.

LILLIEH.

On Hallowe'en.

For Saturday Night.

T he sisters weird whizz through the sky,
Tis said on Hallowe'en,
And blast and blight while going by—
Outside I'd not be seen,
On Hallowe'en.

The cabbage heads all disappear,
I've heard on Hallowe'en;
While you and I have caught to fear,
Tis best indoors, I ween,
On Hallowe'en.

And oft the elves prime beauties seize,
They say, on Hallowe'en;
Let other folk their fancies please,
For us, the air's too keen
On Hallowe'en.

Strange spells are worked 'mid festive joys,

I know, on Hallowe'en;
Young Cupid's shafts are on the pose;
Sit by your king or queen
On Hallowe'en.

W. T. ALLISON.

The Evergreen.

For Saturday Night.

K ing is the oak tree of the wood,
Then let there be a queen;
The tree that rises high and good,
The stately evergreen.

The king is he that may endure
Tempted of many years;

The queen, who always shall ensure
Hope amid death and tears.

The evergreen stood on a height,
Far up on the wooded hill;

Above it flashed the breaking light,
Below it ran the rill.

A hundred oaks of even size:

Around this queen tree grew,
And rose to meet the cloudless skies,

As pillars like.

When the maces of a dream,
The first bright summer's dawn
Lay heaving on the sleeping stream,
Along the trees were drawn

The wealth of buds and leaves new-born,
Still as the dream had been,

Until upon a perfect morn

They hid the evergreen.

All summer long, thro' day and night,
Surrounded by the guard.

The evergreen hid from the light
Lived on the upland sword.

Behind the oak tree's leaves outspread,
Decked with its brilliant green,

It gently waved aloft its head

To show it was a queen.

The summer went, and on the breeze
Autumn exulting came;

Upon a thousand leafy trees
It wrote its fairy name;

And when the leaves had lost their sheen
And fallen in the rill,

The evergreen reigned as a queen

Upon a barren hill.

Between You and Me

NE day in the past summer, as I was wheeling about in the North End, I was shown by the owner some very quaint and interesting portraits. Again and again have they haunted me, those old, old paintings, and I think some of my readers would be as interested in them as I was. It seems to me that one of them should be in some Loyal Orange Lodge, hung in the place of honor, instead of looking demurely down on my friend and his family in the North End. For it is a real true portrait of that famous King Billy, whose opportune arrival at Derry we hear celebrated every Twelfth of July. I take a decided interest in King Billy's advent from the fact that an ancestor of mine was the bold sea captain of the ship in which King Billy made his memorable voyage. In fact, from my very earliest days I have been impressively told of the connection between my Hibernian self and the relief of Derry, and was, when very small, allowed to gaze respectfully at the keepsake presented by the grateful Billy to the captain bold. Laugh as you will, these are traditions to live up to! This picture of King Billy is well worth looking at, and should any Loyal Orange Lodge want it very badly, I shall be constrained to show them the latest way of obtaining possession of what one wants, which I learned one recent Sunday night, after having been the victim of such a proceeding. Seriously, though, I believe the picture might be purchased and carried proudly in procession on gala day.

What are Brownies? asked a tourist one day lately when some mention of the little people was made. And we all began to tell her at once of Henry Irving's delight in them, and of the lover Brownies that one wonders Palmer Cox has not gotten hold of, and the flirting lady Brownies with their awful goggle eyes, and the Brownie of fashion with her hair in a bun, and the cook Brownie with his paper hat and saucpan, and, do you know, that cook Brownie makes the most delicious things! At least I suppose it must be been he who made the tiny little jars of mayonnaise and chutney which I found in the sanctum of the other day. You know, Brownies are secret folk, who come when the housemother is away and the house quiet, and only the stars and moon give light, and they do up the whole house in apple-pie order between midnight and cockcrowing, and are off at the first streak of dawn like a flash! I have never heard of their making mayonnaise and chutney until I really tasted it last week, but there never was smoother mayonnaise and never more tasty chutney. And Miss Unwin tells me that my tiny jars are only samples of what the Brownies do in that line, adding, with a little twinkle in her merry eyes, which comes, I am sure, from being so much with Brownies, that they can even bone a turkey!

"She never finishes anything," said my captious friend in speaking of a delightfully attractive woman. "She always gets her name on committees and begins a scheme with a great flourish, and after a little she backs out, 'peters out,' as they say in the mines." It made me think a little and wonder how many things I had begun and never finished. Of course some things one cannot finish, living, for instance. It always seems such a thoughtless expression to talk about "the end of life." Parsons and teachers and friends do it. When the soul passes they say it is the end, and a wrong impression drives many a one to suicide. Life is one of the things that goes on changing and developing, but not ending. Death happens, like a good many other interruptions, but the life never stops. One needs to hug this truth close, it is so true! But some things don't seem to get finished which really should. I don't mean the fancy-work, which hangs about and gets its bloom rubbed off and becomes old-fashioned until one throws it away, nor the diary that records the commonplace for the commonplace only. Fancy being obliged to chronicle all one did for a week, or all one thought for a day! Fancy dissecting the myriad impulses of the rainbow soul, or measuring the flights of the vagrant mind, and wouldn't it be as cruel and as unnatural as halting Pegasus in a city mews? Some people may be able to chain their lives to a diary, but some people will do anything.

Sometimes things are better left unfinished. The angry sentence, that smothers under the strong hand of self-control, the argument that is in danger of becoming a quarrel, the friendship that is becoming too dear, the love that crowds out duty, the ambitious aim that holds our fate trembling on its success—all these had better not go on; they won't bear finishing. There are things one wears of, and sometimes the finishing of them is hard work, but sometimes it is wrong to leave them unfinished. Indeed, perhaps it is because we lack so sadly the patience, the courage and the control necessary to their completion that these tasks are set us. It is well to believe it, anyway, for we are generally reasonable beings, and if we can in any way square our trials and our deserts we can bear the former more easily. It was a subtle ingredient of bitterness in the trials of that wonderful old person, Job, that he knew, and his friends knew, that he did not deserve them. We are not Job, I fear, not many of us, and when we get our "parks" we need not query very long as to the why and wherefore, if only we be honest with ourselves.

LADY GAY.

He staggered to his feet. "You have broken my heart!" he gasped. She started in affright. "No," answered the ambulance surgeon, in answer to her swift glance of enquiry, "only a rib and the edge of the breast-bone." Reassured, she mounted her bicycle again and rode away.

Tramp—About a year ago I came by and you gave me an old vest. You may not know it, madam, but there was a five dollar bill in that vest. Lady of the house—Mercy! Have you brought it back? Tramp—not much! I've come for another vest.

Park guard—Sorry to disturb you, but it's too late to be sittin' here. Young man (apologetically)—We didn't know it was so late. Fact is, we are to be married next year. Park guard—Begorry, d'ye think O'm fool enough to be supposin' you wor married laast year?

The Woman That Is To Be.

THREE is no doubt in anybody's mind that Madame Sarah Grand is a remarkable creature. There is a general idea abroad that she is a New Woman; at least no one has yet dared to call her plain Mrs. Grand. A year or so ago she let herself loose as the apostle of the New Womanhood in a novel called *The Heavenly Twins*. Her creed seems to be the old, old one that little boys are made of—

"Snips and snails and puppy dog's tails," and little girls of

"Sugar and spice and everything nice."

The *Heavenly Twins* was written to prove that our original constituents remain the same after we grow up. I am sure every young man who reads Mrs. Grand seriously must have come to the conclusion now that he is doing any woman a grave injustice when he marries her; and I am sure any young lady who considers Madame Sarah sane is likewise convinced that she is too good for any young man.

No doubt all this is as it should be, for have we not Mrs. Grand's own word for it that the young man of the present generation is physically "flabby" and morally unsound, and furthermore has she not availed in her own chaste and original way that man only understands the Cow-woman and the Scum-woman? These terms being translated mean respectively the mother of a family who loves her children and the frivolous maiden who cares more for finery than for the *Heavenly Twins*. These women, says Mrs. Grand, man understands, but "the new woman is above him."

It was, therefore, with deep interest that I turned to the lady's latest story, *The Undefinable, a Story of an Artist's Model*, with the hope of finding out just how far above us the New Woman is. If all people who do not know how to write a short story were as frank as Mrs. Grand and willing to entitle their work undefinable, editors would be the gainers. They would then be able to reject manuscripts without reading them. However, Mrs. Grand has done her best and has presented us with a woman decidedly new.

She opens her relation with a picture of a man who represents all the things she most execrates. He is good-looking and attractive from the point of view of the Scum Woman. Of course he is not a real man; just a sort of a dummy for Mrs. Grand to punch, but she has dressed him nicely and made him pleasant, middle aged, well fed and a painter of Greek themes. He is evidently the authoress's conception of Sir Frederick Leighton or Mr. Alma Tadema, or any one of those English classic painters who have more form than feeling. She induces him to tell all about himself and let the world know he is a bad man who deserves to be punched. Surely he is a bad man, for he confesses to having smoked cigarettes and enjoyed his dinner, and also to taking tea *tete-a-tete* with Lady Catherine Claridge, who is evidently not a New Woman at all.

Well, one evening when the artist was smoking cigarettes and white, as Mrs. Grand puts it in her characteristic jargon, "a nightingale from the top of a tall tree, unseen, filled the innermost recesses of audition with inimitable sound," and while he was reflecting that he had missed the effect he aimed at in his latest picture, a New Woman knocked at his door. "Do you want a model?" she said to him, without the slightest respect for the celebrated man. He looked at her and didn't like her. It seems that she was beautiful enough but he didn't like the imperious spirit in her eyes. "They were the mocking eyes of that creature most abhorrent to the soul of man, a woman who claims to rule and does not care to please. . . . Now a really attractive womanly woman looks up, clings, depends, so that a man can never forget his shall see," and that is deliciously vague.

HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.
age of enlightenment compared with the creature as she existed merely for man's use and pleasure of old; the toy-woman, drudge, degraded domestic animal, beast of intolerable burdens. How could the sons of slaves ever be anything but slaves themselves? Slaves of various vices, the most execrable form of bondage. To paint—to paint this woman as she is! In her youth, in her strength, in her beauty, in her insolence even! in the fearless candor of her perfect virtue, the trifler of an idle hour, the strong, true spirit of an arduous day; to paint her so that every man might feel her divinity and worship that truly!"

No doubt he would have written a novel of the modern school if his enthusiasm hadn't been dampened by the fact that the cold wind was blowing on his bare legs.

The maiden came back next day and expressed the same opinion about herself as he had done in his soliloquy. She had no modest doubts about her absolute greatness of soul. She was a New Woman and she didn't forget it. Among other things she said, "Now just reflect and you will remember that in the days of our slavery there were more great women than there have ever been great men who were also slaves, so that now that our full emancipation is imminent, why, you shall see what you shall see."

She admitted that she was beautiful but commanded him to paint her soul. She deplored the fact that her rounded form, healthy flesh and lively glances were all that appealed to him: he was a mere painting machine. She evidently didn't know of his soliloquy the night before. He confessed he was at fault; he had considered her beauty, not her soul.

"I am the woman who stood at the outer door of your studio and summoned you to judge me; the same whom in your spiritual obscurity you then found wanting. Rend now that veil of flesh and look," she said.

The story gets vague here. It is to be presumed that she showed him her soul. At any rate she roused him to a tremendous altitude of enthusiasm, inspired him with "the undefinable of genius." But she would not stay to be painted, and fled. The poor artist flung himself on the floor in his grief. He now drives around London in a carriage looking for her, but the form he longs for comes not, his only comfort is her assurance. "With all my faults nothing uncommonly great can be done without my countenance, but my countenance you shall not have to perfection until the conceit of you is conquered and you acknowledge all you owe me. Give me my due. When you help me, I will help you!"

This last is allegory. It prophesies what the New Woman is going to do for us. I confess I am still quite uncertain how much the maiden that is to be is above the average man. The model may have been beautiful but she talked too much, a fault which characterizes all the New Women. It will be a case of woman's inhumanity to man if such personages as Mrs. Grand take it into their impudent heads to marry any of the easy-going men who can be bossed around as the artist was. Is it indeed true, as Mrs. Grand says, that a whole army of such maidens are to be released from bondage shortly and let loose on the earth seeking for conventions to destroy? If so, it will soon be necessary for the poor males to start Men's Right Associations that we may eat our dinner when we want it and wear trousers on cool evenings. However, we have the assurance, "You shall see what you shall see," and that is deliciously vague.

HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

A Patron Comedy.

BY MACK.

ARGUMENT.—A Patron Lodge is operated in Parkdale, one of the fashionable residential quarters of Toronto, by Mr. Phillips Thompson, the well known journalist and writer, Mr. T. M. Humble of the *News*, and Mr. J. J. Ward, tailor, and President of the Canadian Baseball League.

Curtain rises upon a rural scene: Haystack drawn from memory and very travel stained. Mr. Thompson enters at center, Mr. Ward at left and Mr. Humble at right. All dressed as farmers; long coats brown duck breeches smocks, and cow-buck hats. Sweat on each brow and hay rakes in each right hand. They advance to center and stop.

We are Patrons three!
On one thing we agree:
The country will go to the dogs
Unless we farmers can roll logs,

And pull the strings
And get some things
With salar-ees
Or first-class fees

To keep ourselves from penur ee,
Our names from foul obscenity
Boon-ta-ra-boon for thee,
Boon-ta-ra-boon for me.

(All join in the dance du ventre while music fades like a print dress.)

J. J. WARD.—The wrongs of the farmer cry aloud to heaven!

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.—Aye! to heaven, yet a tailor hath heard the cry.

T. M. HUMBLE.—Doth not the cry call the tailor from his plough, the miner from his mine, the digger from his ditch, and thee, good sir, from thy philosophy, and so, why not the tailor from his goose?

P. T.—It hath done miracle more strange!

The things thou namest are as naught

Beside the things that cry hath done.

The farmers' wrongs have raised a veritable screech
To call thee from thine inimitable Parkdale

Penclings in the Evening Nouse.

J. J. W.—(Swinging rake as if about to hit out a home run.)

Look a-here, Mister Man! Are we in

this here Patron game, or are we ain't?

Do the farmers' wrongs cry to heaven to

tell me so yourself? or do they don't?

P. T.—They do. With sneers I sought to sound

The depths of thy sincerity, my friends,

My brothers in a common cause,

My weary, worn, exhausted agricultural

Toilers with thistles in your ganseys
And mud upon your beards.
(All lean weary on their rakes.)

You know our lives? How joyless, sad,
And wet with perspiration they have been?
You know this land?

(Points to Paris green fields in rear.)

Full well you know this land,
For you have plowed it all your days.
In pleasant youth we sported here,

And then, when five years old we took our

rades.

And did men's work in every harvest field.
Since then we've ever worked, and still

Which one of us has got a Government job?

J. W.—

We get struck out every time.

P. T.—

Aye, that we do.

See how the tariff goes for us!

Whene'er the crops are good they keep the

prices down,

And when the crops are poor they chuckle

Prices up to vex us. (Becomes Tragic.)

Upon the hen-vine grows the snowy egg,

Yet when the weevil gets into the vine

And ruins our fair crop, they import

Eggs from Southern Illinois and only pay us

Forty cents a bushel for our crop.

T. M. H.—

Ye powers! I have wept o'er this!

J. J. W.—

The umpire has been drugged

By the captain of the other nine.

He's giving us the worst of it. I'll swat

him in a minute.

P. T.—

And look at wheat!

(The others turn to the artist's recollections of a haystack as being the wheat in question.)

When first we tilled these fruitful fields

Wheat was a dollar and a half per bushel.

What is it now? It is—wheat is now—

(Fumbles unsuccessfully among his statistics and decides to find out what wheat is)

It is a crying shame. Look at Ottawa!

Look across the intervening hills to where

In Legislative palace sit

The rulers of Ontario.

Where there do we, the farmers, find our

selves?

But one John Dryden, has a place of power,

And he, he wears a silk hat and stops

At the Rossin instead of the Bay Horse.

Hea-farmer! I've seen the man wear gloves!

(Sensation, in which T. M. H. gets the silence between his teeth.)

T. M. H.—

O. to what sick sham can life attain!

The social structure all is framed

For lawyers, middlemen and leeches;

Our laws are complex, burdensome,

Our taxes frightfully unfair.

But let us persevere and soon

All men must farm and dress in ready-

mades.

J. J. W.—

What's that you say?

I thought this scheme would elevate the

Short Stories Retold.

Perhaps the best-natured, and at the same time one of the wittiest, rejoinders in religious dispute was that made by Father O'Leary to an Irish Protestant. "I have no objection," said the latter, "to have the Virgin Mary treated with reverence, but only as a respectable, venerable woman—just such a one as my own mother." "Still," replied O'Leary, "you must allow there is some difference in the children."

A Georgia magistrate was perplexed by the conflicting claims of two women for a baby, each contending that she was the mother of it. The judge remembered Solomon, and, drawing a bowie-knife from his boot, declared he would give half to each. The women were shocked, but had no doubt of the authority and purpose of the judge to make the proposed compromise. "Don't do that," they both screamed in unison, "you can keep it yourself!"

The Emperor, Henry IV., of France, after having been deposed and imprisoned by his son, Henry V., escaped from prison. Poor, vagrant, without friends or aid of any sort, he entreated the Bishop of Spires to grant him a lay prebend in his church. "I have studied," said he, "and have learned to sing, and may, therefore, be some service to you." This simple post was denied him and he died miserably and obscurely at Liege, after having drawn the attention of Europe to his victories and his grandeur.

The South Carolina Presbytery, at a recent meeting, received into its membership, after examination, Rev. James Woodrow, D.D., who has been under a cloud for some time on account of certain views about the descent of man which he is supposed to have entertained. He was asked if he believed the Holy Scriptures contained in the Word of God, and answered that he did. Further: "Do you believe that Moses wrote the Pentateuch?" "Most of it, sir." "What portion do you think he did not write?" "The account of his own death."

It is said that Napoleon was very fond of a joke, although his jokes were of a very peculiar sort and cracked at the most unexpected times. During the night preceding Waterloo he was quite humorous. When he was sleeping from Elba to France, on board the Inconstant, that vessel encountered the French brig of war, the Zephyr, and on enquiry being made after the exiled Emperor, nothing would do Napoleon but he must seize the trumpet and laughingly reply, "The Emperor is quite well." The humor of the situation entertained him highly.

Lord Chesterfield being one day asked by Sir Thomas Robinson, familiarly known as "Long Sir Thomas," to write some verses upon him, produced the epigram:

"Unlike my subject now shall be my song:
It shall be witty, and it shan't be long."

This individual was noted for being a bore, and made himself very troublesome to the Duke of Newcastle, continually calling on the minister, and when told that his grace was gone out he would ask to be admitted to look at the clock, or to play with the monkey, in the hope of seeing the duke. But one day the porter, without waiting for what he had to say, dismissed him with these words, "Sir, his grace has gone out, the clock stands, and the monkey is dead."

Stumbling at the outset of any important enterprise is regarded as unlucky, and few people have any confidence in the adage, "A bad beginning makes a good ending." Several historic stumbles are recorded. Julius Caesar stumbled when landing on the African coast; so did Scipio Africanus, and each turned the episode to tactful account by pretending that he fell on purpose. Napoleon stumbled when landing in Egypt, and the fact was remembered after the unlucky termination of that ill-advised enterprise; but William I. of England also stumbled when landing on the shores of his future kingdom, and grasping a stone in one hand and a fistful of grass in the other shouted, "Thus do I seize this land." And the bluff went.

In one of his introductory lectures in a recent semester, the late Professor Hyrtl addressed his hearers as follows: "Gentlemen, you must get possession of skulls. It is impossible to study anatomy unless you have skulls. Each of you must find means, any means, to get a skull." On the following morning he entered his auditorium with a sorrowful face. "Gentlemen," he began, "I fear some of you have misunderstood me. You certainly have left no means untried to secure skulls. I noticed that my handsome collection was almost depleted this morning." The students had taken him at his word and induced the servants to divide out the skulls of Hyrtl, which formed one of the chief attractions to medical men in the famous teacher's house.

At a ball, one evening, a plain country gentleman had engaged a pretty coquette for the next dance, but a gallant yachting captain coming along persuaded the young lady to abandon her previous engagement in favor of himself. The other, overhearing all that had passed, moved toward a card table and sat down to a game of whist. The captain, a few minutes afterward, stepped up to the young lady to excuse himself, as he was engaged to another he had forgotten. The coquette, much chagrined, approached the whist-table, hoping to secure her first partner and said, "I believe, sir, it is time to take our places." The old-fashioned suitor, in the act of dividing the pack for the next dealer, courteously replied, "No, madam, I mean to keep my place. When ladies shuffl', I cut."

Canon Bowles became very absent-minded and nervous in his later years, and was always singularly alarmed by thunder and lightning. When a widower he was once the guest of Lady Lansdowne, when a terrific storm came on shortly after the guests had retired for the night. Lady Lansdowne was startled by hearing his bell ringing violently while she was undressing, and she at once sent her own maid to see what was wrong. After tapping at the door, the young woman was admitted and said, "Mr. Bowles, her ladyship has sent me to see what is the matter. Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" "Oh, yes," said the old



Coachman (applying for position)—You say you do not wish your coachman to wear livery?
Country Gentleman—No, I don't believe in that silly nonsense.
Coachman—Well, then, I can't accept a position with you.
Country Gentleman—Nonsense, man; why?
Coachman—I'm afraid I might be taken for the owner of that pair.—*Harper's Weekly*.

gentleman, in a state of abject terror; "I'll give you a guinea if you'll stop here and sleep in the room." The maid went back laughing to her mistress, to whom she told what had occurred, and at breakfast the next morning Lady Lansdowne chaffed the good canary unmercifully, to the amusement of everyone present.

When the Preacher Came.

When the preacher came to our house
We met him at the big road gate,
And drove his buggy to the barn,
An dinner time was awful late—
Came m—had put a turkey up
To cook; but, sur, that day
He flipped an' ky—ooked an' broke two slats.
An' 'een got out an' runned away!

An' ma wuz mad at everything,
An' scolded Sam an' George an' me,
An' killed Sam's hen 'at had the nest
On yonder side the apple-tree.

An' George an' me, we had to wait
On thar behind the clover shed
Till they all st; an' George he cried,
An' said he wiste it at his waz dead.

I wiste the wern't no preacher now
A livin' hardly anywhere,
An' wiste thaz'd get too sick to eat
W'evera the come to visit here.

—James A. Hall, in *Southern Magazine*.

Winter Costumes.

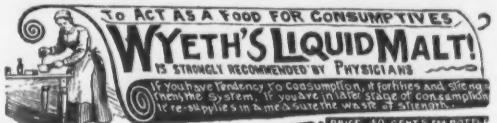
AMOST graceful house dress for afternoon tea or for evenings at home when receiving informally is of very light blue satin brocaded in large designs. The jacket-corsage opens on a vest of accordion-pleated mousseuse *de sole* striped with *corset* insertion put on in V's. The large square collar is also trimmed with insertion, and has on the edge a deep ruff of lace falling low on the sleeves, and caught up in front by large *choux* of satin ribbon, thence extending down the edges of the jacket in jabot frills. The draped collar and belt on the vest are of satin ribbon like that of the *choux*, which may be the bluest shade of the gown, or in marked contrast to it; as petunia or fuchsia red, or the new American Beauty rose color. The sleeves have a single large puff to the elbow, well stiffened with crinoline lawn, and finished with a wide ruff of the lace. The full skirt is not closely gored, and hangs in large folds in a slight demi-train. This excellent model for tea gowns can be tastefully carried out in simpler stuffs, such as cashmere or the very effective *crepon* of last season, those with smaller wrinkles than are seen in the new and costly *crepon* of this winter. The coloring is admirable, and the soft fabric drapes gracefully, and as the *crepon* is inexpensive, the silk lining will not make it an extravagant dress.

Cloth, velvet and fur, always a favorite combination for street dresses in the winter, are used for a charming and youthful outdoor costume. Golden brown is the color chosen for the glossy faced cloth, and the rich velvet is of a darker shade. The fur may be of American black marten or of very dark brown mink, according to the taste of the wearer or the becomingness of black or brown fur. Black marten is a fur known under various names. In France it is called *vison*, and here it is sometimes given the pretentious name of Alaska *sable*, though the best furriers say black mar-

ten, while the plain-speaking English call it skunk, after the odorous animal from which the skin is taken. All kinds of brown furs are to be fashionable this winter—sable, mink and stone-marten and the light brown shades of young mink will be worn as well as the darker and more costly tall fur. The cloth skirt of this gown is closely fitted at the top, and flares in curved godets that begin on the side. The velvet waist is in short jacket shape, quite round in the back and fitted by under-arm forms. The front, adjusted by darts, is slightly pointed and laps to the last dart on the left side. The top turns back in revers that are faced with the fur. Antique silver buttons ornament the front. A wide, undulating collar of velvet embroidered in gilt and silver cords gives great breadth on the shoulders. The mutton-leg sleeves are all in one piece and without trimming. To complete the gown for the street is a fur cravat with a miniature head attached.

A cold winter is predicted, and furs promise to be most desirable for wraps. They will also be much used as trimmings, as they give a warm effect to both cloaks and gowns, and are associated as well with diaphanous laces and *chiffon*. Coats, capes, and collars are made of furs so flexible that they are used very much as cloths and velvets are. And there is such variety in these garments that something appropriate is found for women of all sizes and ages. Coats and capes will be equally fashionable. The coats command themselves for warmth, and because they display a fine figure. Capes are liked when breadth must be added, and because they slip off and on easily. The Prince Albert coat reaches below the knee, and is so full that the skirt flares to four yards at the edge, the fulness lying in curved pleats below the hips. It is perfectly tight-fitting above the waist, with extra large revers pointing out on the large sleeves. One row of pearl buttons fastens the front. The style is liked by all but has a comfortable air attractive to elderly women. The mutton-leg sleeves are of great size. Other coats, forty-two inches long, are single breasted and have a shoulder cape starting in V-shape at the waist in front, expanding very full on the shoulders and across the back, then going up in a turn-over collar that is an undulating ruff. Very youthful and graceful coats, with straight single-breasted front and of medium length, are trimmed with pointed revers and collar of another fur—chinchilla, sable, mink or grebe. The full curved folds in the back give a very stylish effect and take in the new wide skirts of gowns. Short coats, mis-called Eton jackets, are double-breasted, and have a *bâche*, undulating in the back and pointed longer in front. These are very chic for young women and are not very costly. The front laps with a single revers on one jacket, while another has two laps. Each has a high collar rolling close about the ears, and tremendous sleeves.

New bows are much larger than those of last season. They are made short, wide, and flat, requiring the backs of two animals, and are finished with three tails at each end, or else a tail and two paws. They are arranged to turn up or down at pleasure, and are in all fashionable furs—sable, mink, chinchilla, seal, Persian lamb, ermine, and in the stone-marten, with its delicate coloring, which wears for years. There is also a fancy for large bows of the



Try...



The Best
Plug Cut

Score out, an' I won't need another ter take its place fur a year yet!—*Washington Star*.

Motherly Solicitude.

The cannibal family gathered around the bountiful board.

"I understand," the father casually observed, "that this is the cadaver of a millionaire."

The mother started in sudden apprehension.

"Now, children," she exclaimed, "don't forget what I told you about over-loading your stomachs with rich food."

Revenge in Sweet.

A despoiler man stood on the bridge, looking down into the awful abyss below. His haggard face and blood-shot eyes showed that he had passed through a painful process. In the battle of life he had been Li Hung Chang by a large majority.

"It is over," he muttered between teeth that he had clenched for the purpose; "it is over, and I have lost. Beaten and broken, there is nothing left for me but the fatal plunge. It will be a poor revenge on the world, but here goes—"

A soft hand was placed on his shoulder, a benevolent-looking man drew him back, and in a mellow voice said:

"You were talking of taking your life."

"Yes."

"As a revenge upon man for his cruelty to you?"

"That was my—"

"Your intention, yes; but the world laughs at a man who commits suicide. Don't make away with yourself, but let me point you the road to a nobler revenge."

"Tell me what it is and I am your slave forever."

"I will give you the state agency for a patent collar-button."

The hard, drawn look faded from the eyes of the would-be suicide. He sank on one knee and murmured, "My benefactor!"—Puck.

Convinced.

"You aver," said the black-browed bandit, "that you are the celebrated cantatrice, Mme. Squallina. Prove it and you are free. Never shall it be said that a Cuttaweezanda would offer indignity to an opera soprano. It is against all the tenets of the profession."

"How shall I prove my identity?" asked the captive.

"By singing, of course."

"What? Sing in this cave? No bouquets! No steam heat? And not cent in the box office? Never!"

"Gentlemen," said the bandit, "it is evident that the lady is what she claims to be. Escort her to the nearest village and set her free!"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Peril on the Deep.

Dashaway—Ah, General, just got back from your yacht cruise on the Mediterranean?

The General—Yes, sir, and we came near losing our lives, sir.

"Get caught in a gale?"

"No, sir; worse than that, sir."

"Didn't get ashore or run on a rock, did you?"

"No, sir; we ran out of whisky."—*Life*.

His Bullet-Proof Shield.

"Madam," said Meandering Mike, when, in response to his request for food, she offered him pie, "do ye remember a year ago when ye gave a sufferin' fell'er creature a pie?"

"I believe so."

"Madam, I'm that man."

"Was it good?"

"Good! It saved my life. There was an unfeelin' farmer that fired a box of tacks right for my heart at short range. I had yer pie buttoned up inside my vest an' here it is—full o' tacks, ex'kin see fur yourself. It ain't near

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Our Weekly Original Story

The 'Nana Man.

Dino was our banana man. He stood at our corner, with his handcart full of bananas and fruit each morning. By "corner," I mean where the brokers congregated, and where the majority of their offices were at the Board of Trade Building. We are a close corporation and Dino seemed to recognize it, for he greeted us all with a broad, sunny, expansive smile, that was like a sarcasm on our body corporate.

For some years Dino had been there, and we looked on him as a fixture. Suddenly he vanished and a stranger took his place. We enquired for Dino and were told that he had gone back to Naples, to Italy, to his own country. The new occupant did not please us so well, but we must perforce be content. Again, suddenly as he had left, he reappeared and took his stand beside the same red-painted handcart. He received many hearty greetings on his return.

But Dino was changed. He appeared to have aged suddenly; his smile was less ready and joyous and though he was as attentive as before, yet it was not the sunny, rippling willingness of yore.

Money grew scarce. The markets were tight; stocks went down, and brokers had time to eke into the lives of their neighbors.

Dino's eyes still had an abstracted look, and he trudged heavily around the little cart, dusting his bananas and polishing the apples.

"What's up, Dino?" I asked cheerily, one day, loitering beside him and endeavoring to practice economy by making a half purchase. "Have the hard times struck you, too?"

Dino looked at me with a sickly smile.

"No, no," he answered quickly. "God is good."

"Then what is the matter, Dino? Wife sick or baby dead?" I asked, to draw him out.

"No, no," he answered seriously, shaking his head.

"Mother dead?" I enquired sympathetically, determined to know the cause of the change in Dino.

"Long, long ago," he answered. "I never had no mother." He folded his arms, as a woman folds her baby, implying that he was only an infant when she died. "Lorenzo Vari took me as his own and raised me. I lived with him until I came to 'Merica. We had a happy home. In his vineyards I worked, tending and pruning the vines, and then—"

He looked at me questioningly, as if to see if I were jesting.

"Then you left him?" I queried, willing to hear the story of his vine-clad home.

"Yes, I left him. We grew up together, Beata and me. Beata was his only daughter." Dino's eyes kindled. "Beata is beautiful. She was small and I carried her in my arms, and we played together, and we pulled the grapes, and we were always together. Then suddenly we loved. It came as a flash. I took her hand and she drew it back, and we were vexed, and the old life vanished and we knew that we loved each other. Lorenzo Vari, her father, would not hear of our being married. He had another husband for Beata, a rich man. What were riches to us? We could live on a crust and be happy! No, no! Lorenzo Vari would not hear of it. Beata promised me that she would wait. We laid our plans. I would come to 'Merica to earn money for us both. I was strong; I was healthy; I was willing. My cousin, my mother's brother's son, Andrea Cantro, who worked with me in the vineyard, wanted to come, so we determined to come together. When I had earned enough Beata was to come to me.

"Lorenzo Vari, glad to get rid of me, paid my passage and we came, Andrea and me. I worked at anything. I worked for a mouthful of food, or for anything, or anyhow. I cared little, so that I might save a few cents. Andrea got some gardener's work, but what he made he spent. He was careless and light-hearted, was Andrea. He laughed at me for laying aside my money, though he knew it was for Beata. Well, I saved nearly all my earnings. I lived on crusts and drank water, so as to have plenty for Beata when she came to me, for Beata still promised to come and was waiting.

"Then I bought this cart from a man—a Napolitan—going home to die; the winter here had killed him. So I saved more and more to bring out Beata. Soon I had enough for that; but I wanted a little home for her, and I got enough for that, too. Then I was very happy.

"While I was thinking of how Beata could come all that way alone, Andrea told me that he was going back home, and would make plans for her coming out; he was tired of 'Merica. I was glad—glad, for every day brought me nearer to Beata. I gave Andrea the money, for Beata must have every comfort that she could have. I could not bear to have her hedged down in the hold of the ship. She must have a cabin. So I gave Andrea my money and a letter for Beata, telling her that I would go down to New York to meet her when I received news that she had sailed. I bade Andrea good-bye and have never seen him but once since."

"Was he drowned?" I asked, as Dino hesitated.

"No, he is married," replied Dino tersely.

"And your money?" I asked indignantly.

"Did he spend that on his wedding?"

Dino nodded his head automatically.

"Poor Beata!" he apostrophized, after dusting the bananas, and taking no notice of my question. "Poor Beata!"

"But your money, what became of it?" I asked, to bring him back to the story.

"Money!" he exclaimed pityingly. "Perhaps I am tiring you with my troubles? Not well, I waited two months and got no letter, heard nothing; then I went down to New York. I enquired of the people just come from Naples. They could tell me nothing. Andrea was gone three months, and still no letter. I could wait no longer. I took the money I had saved for a home and started for Naples. How my heart did bound when I got near home! Perhaps Beata was sick, or dead, and Andrea feared or hated to tell me. Andrea was light-hearted and hated to see me sorrow. I enquired in a li'l wine-shop in Lorusia, near where Lorenzo Vari lived. Yes, Lorenzo Vari

was alive, and Beata, too, but they had not seen them for some time. I could not ask more. I must see for myself, I walked along the old roads. They do not change much in Italy. The grapes were hanging heavy on the large vineyard, where I used to carry the little Beata. I went to the little arbor that I built long ago to shelter Beata from the sun, and where she could play with her bambino. I thought how nice it would be to meet Beata there, just where I bade her good-bye, in the moonlight, when I had to leave her. She had stolen down to the arbor, as light as a bird, and there I kissed her good-bye—"

Dino hesitated, stammered something, as if I were not there, and then crossed himself. Perhaps it was the little crucifix that his fingers involuntarily clasped that made the man so tender and forgiving.

"Gesu!" he exclaimed, "when I remember it! I could scarcely walk! I heard a fluttering as if it were a bird and I stepped quickly aside. A figure passed! It was Beata! Beata grown taller and prettier if could be! I saw her enter the arbor. I heard her glad greeting of someone there and the shower of caresses she gave. My heart stood still. This was why Andrea never sent me any word. Beata was married! Someone else had taken my place. I controlled myself and stepped quietly forward. I must see her husband. Gesu! Behold! Andrea, my cousin! She—Beata—sat beside him. His arm was around her and her cheek lay against his. My mother's spirit must have been near me else how did I endure it? I heard my heart thump, thump. Blood filled my eyes. I must go. Quick! I could not bear to look on Andrea's happiness. Quietly, as a snake glides, I left the vineyard and wandered away. I know not where nor how long. I lay on the tops of the rocky cliffs that overhang the sea, and thought how easy to drop over and be forever at rest. But the sea would give my body back, and then she would know that Andrea must have lied to her in some way. Besides, was not Andrea tall, and straight,

When a son, grown to manhood, leaves the parental roof to take up life's fight for himself, both mother and father keenly feel the loss. Perhaps the father carries himself in a matter-of-course way, slaps the young fellow on the shoulder and wishes him luck, but the mother sheds many a tear all to herself. She bore him, nursed him, while his poor health, illness, and draggled him about on her tireless left arm. He is her "baby" still, and as he goes he takes a big piece of her heart with him.

But she mourns the girls even more, when they abandon her. This is why a wedding in the old home, the daughter being the bride, is proverbially as sad as a funeral. Yet, in one way or another, the young people go, God help us! and leave father and mother alone with their gray hairs and their memories.

A father who came near losing a beloved daughter with disease speaks of it thus: "Our Anna," he says, "had an attack of influenza in October, 1889. Her food did not nourish her, and in spite of all we could do she wasted away till she was thin and wan and weak. Her hands and feet were cold and clammy—she also lost color, notwithstanding extra flannels and clothing. A little later she became so emaciated that it did not seem as though she had any life left in her. She lost all her bright spirits and was listless and helpless. At this time she was about sixteen years of age."

"Then her breathing got hard and difficult, and it was painful to hear her. Next her legs became swollen and puffed, and she could only walk a few yards. Abscesses began to form on her legs, arms, neck, and ankles. They finally came to be about as large as eggs—about three inches in diameter. Nearly a pint of matter came away from some of them. At length the poor child had twenty-four of them on her body."

"For weeks and weeks she lay on the couch, sinking gradually until she looked like death. Wife and I felt like having to give her up. During eighteen months it took her wife over an hour, night and morning, to dress these terrible and painful abscesses. At first we had a doctor from Faringdon, but she got no better from his treatment. He recommended us to get her into a hospital, but we did not like to let her go. We next tried a doctor at Stanford. He attended her twelve months, but she got worse and worse. What more to do we did not know. It seemed as though she was surely doomed to die. Yet help came when we had stopped looking for it."

"In December, 1891, we heard of Mother Siegel's Curative Syrup, and the great things it had done after the medical men had failed. We got the medicine from Messrs. Ballard & Co., chemists, Faringdon, and she commenced taking it. In a few weeks we noticed a great improvement in her general health. Her food digested and strengthened her and in two months we could see the abscesses dying away, and soon they were all gone.

"She is now as strong as ever she was, and is the picture of health. My wife and I, also everyone in the village, look upon the cure as miraculous. That Mother Siegel saved Anna's life we are fully persuaded. You are at liberty to publish this statement. I will gladly answer any enquiries. Yours truly (signed), Isaac King, Innkeeper, Horn Inn, Charnock, Berks, November 25, 1892."

Mr. King is happy over this splendid result.

Who would not be, in his place? But there was no miracle. What the Syrup did was on Nature's straight lines. His daughter's case was one of blood-poisoning from the deadly midge, compounded with the eating of bad food.

Probably it had been coming on, unsuspected, longer than her parents thought. The danger to her life was great; indeed, death was certain in a little more time. Most fortunately they heard of Siegel's Syrup before it was quite too late.

This magnificent remedy expelled the poison from the blood, and by righting the digestion prevented the formation of more. Long may the family circle continue unbroken.

In a Position to Know.

"Talk about hard times," said the fat man with the big diamond, "there are business men in this city of whom I have reason to believe that they are starving—or at least do not have enough to eat at home."

"How do you figure that out?"

"Well, you see, I run a free lunch in connection with my bar."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Look Out for Cold Weather

but ride inside the electric-lighted and steam heated vestibule apartment trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, or between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City, in these luxuriously appointed trains, is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "For further particulars, see small bills." Small bills (and large ones, too) will be accepted for passage and sleeping car tickets. For detailed information address A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, Toronto.

Better let it go, Dino. It may prove ungrateful," I suggested, mindful of his story, but he stroked the little, bruised, sore body and the injured limb with a gentle caressing touch.

Perhaps the little wounded animal will help to heal Dino's wounds.

Toronto, Oct. 29 PHILIP MARTIN.

In a Belt Line Car.

Fair One—Good morning, Mr. Albert Jones, A. J.—Good morning, Miss J.—But why Mr. Albert Jones?

Fair One—Oh! I thought you might not recognize yourself if I said simply, Mr. Jones.

JEF.

—

Look Out for Cold Weather

but ride inside the electric-lighted and steam heated vestibule apartment trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, or between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City, in these luxuriously appointed trains, is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "For further particulars, see small bills." Small bills (and large ones, too) will be accepted for passage and sleeping car tickets. For detailed information address A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, Toronto.

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Stumpup—Certainly. Bring me five dollars to-morrow, and I'll let you have it.

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Music.

THE prospects for local orchestral work this season do not appear to be an improvement over the past few years. Several schemes are being mooted but so far nothing definite has been,

or is likely to be, arranged for, judging from present appearances. The Toronto Permanent Orchestra is not, as yet, showing any signs of life, from which it might be inferred that the assumed permanency of the organization probably refers to its permanent withdrawal from this world of disappointment, conflict and strife. This is to be regretted and indicates a condition of musical inactivity not altogether in harmony with the claims advanced from time to time that this city musically ranks with any place of similar size in the older countries. At present both the public and our local musicians seem to be disengaged by the result of previous efforts in the direction of establishing a local orchestra. Financially and artistically there has been failure all along the line, and it would appear that in order to meet with any measure of success it will be necessary to conduct similar experiments in future on lines more likely to secure the sympathy of the performers and enlist the sympathy of the public. The plan adopted in Buffalo would serve as an index to a policy which might prove successful here as well. A limited number of competent players should be insisted upon, rather than a large aggregation of incompetents sprinkled here and there to give a vulgar impression of size. A smaller orchestra would entail less expense, and if carefully chosen would command respect by reason of its better work. These are problems which our orchestra conductors will no doubt wrestle with in their future efforts in this direction, and it is earnestly hoped that the endeavors of local aspirants for fame in this sphere of work may be crowned with a greater measure of success than has been attained in the past.

An unusually important musical event is announced to take place in Massey Music Hall on Tuesday evening, November 13, when Mme. Melba, the world-renowned prima donna, and an accompanying aggregation of artists such as are seldom heard outside the American metropolis will appear. Besides Mme. Melba a number of the most prominent artists engaged by Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffl & Grau for this season's opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, have been formed into a concert company, and will give a limited number of concerts before their regular operatic duties in New York begin. Mme. Melba's triumphs in New York during the brilliant season which closed last spring have stamped her as one of the most wonderful and magnetic sopranos before the public to-day. The Metropolitan Opera House orchestra under Signor Bevilignani will accompany the singers in their numbers, besides contributing several attractive orchestral selections. Taken as a whole the concert promises to equal in merit and interest any similar musical event in the history of concert enterprise in this city. A subscribers' list has been opened at Messrs. Nordheimer's.

The large and representative list of subscribers secured for the Seidl concert on November 20, already ensures the social and financial success of this splendid event. The orchestra is said to be more efficient than ever this season, having again been strengthened by the addition of a large number of high-class artists. Under Seidl's baton the effect of such a superior combination of performers will leave little to be desired. Mme. Lilian Blauvelt, the accompanying soprano soloist, has established herself as a strong favorite in Toronto with all classes and will add much to the general success of the delightful programme to be offered.

Mr. William Lavin and his charming wife, Mary Howe, are at present in Paris, where they purpose remaining for a short time, after which they proceed to Germany for the purpose of appearing at various German opera houses. Their career will be watched with interest by their many friends and admirers in Toronto.

Mme. Nordica, who, as Elsa in Lohengrin, created such a sensation at Bayreuth at the recent Wagnerian festival, is starring with great success in different parts of Germany in the same role. At Frankfort the audience went wild over the American songstress with her "sweet sympathetic voice, her excellent, pure intonation, her fine musical conception, and her exceedingly interesting histrionic reproduction." Nordica shortly appears at the Berlin Royal Opera House as well, and returns to America during the middle of November, when she resumes her position as leading dramatic prima donna with the Abbey & Grau Opera Company. It is not unlikely that she may visit Toronto during the season in concert work.

The Buffalo Symphony concerts now rank among the best in America and it is said to be the intention of the directorate to arrange an extended tour for the orchestra during the season. Much of the success of this young but flourishing organization is due to the ability and tact of Mr. John Lund, the capable conductor, and the untiring efforts and financial sacrifices of Mr. C. M. Lautz. These gentlemen are to be congratulated upon the happy results attained by the orchestra whose existence is due largely to their combined generalship.

Choirmasters who are compelled to introduce vulgar rubbish to their choirs in the form of gospel hymns and other musical jingles, should turn their attention to the simple and beautiful sentences and hymns suitable for unaccompanied singing, by such composers as Sullivan, Kirby, Dudley Buck, Schilling, Reed (of Montreal) and others. The simplicity and general character of these compositions particularly adapt them as substitutes for the doggerel clap-trap one is oftentimes compelled to listen to in some of our churches. It is difficult to conceive of dignified and impressive worship when a sermon is supported by such insipid creations as some pastors compel their choir directors to adopt as an adjunct to worship. The composer who succeeds in producing a class of works which on account of their dignity and sim-

plicity shall serve as substitutes for the ditties mentioned, will be called blessed by legions of unfortunates who at present see no way out of their troubles. The October number of *Musical Times* contains a supplement by Barnby which might serve as a model for a class of works such as I have outlined.

The following correspondence has been received:

14 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,
TORONTO, October 30, 1894.

Musical Editor Saturday Night:

DEAR SIR.—In last week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT I noticed that the Musical Art Club had decided to change that title to the Clef Club. Allow me to say that we have already assumed that title. Having had a very successful season last year, with Mr. H. W. Webster as conductor, we are now studying Frederic A. Cowen's cantata *Rose Maiden*, and intend giving a performance in the near future.

Yours respectfully,

G. S. FORSYTH,
Secretary Clef Choral Club.

Mr. George H. Lugdin, who for some years was a valued member and leading bass of the Jarvis street Baptist church choir, has been meeting with considerable success as a vocalist at his present home in Minneapolis, Minn., both as a church and concert soloist. Mr. Lugdin is also a member of the Temple Male Quartette of Minneapolis, an organization which has established itself as one of the most important local concert attractions in the American North-West.

Mesara. Whaley, Royce & Co. have issued an important publication, *The Standard Anthem Book*, consisting of a collection of modern anthems, mottettes, oratorios, choruses, etc., for the use of church choirs. The publishers claim that in this work they are offering the finest collection of effective church compositions at present before the public. Among the composers principally drawn upon are such prominent writers as Dudley Buck, Harry Rowe Shelly, Horatio W. Parker, Fred Schilling, F. Schnecker and others. The work of compilation was entrusted to Mr. A. S. Vogt, organist and choirmaster of Jarvis street Baptist church of this city.

Mr. J. W. F. Harrison has organized an excellent chorus of about three hundred and fifty voices to take part in the lecture to be given by Rev. S. R. Hale, Dean of Rochester, Esg., cathedral, on November 19 in Massey Hall. The voices have been carefully selected from the Anglican choirs of the city, and at a recent full rehearsal the effect produced was remarkably fine.

The choir of St. Simon's church will repeat the impressive All Saints' Day evensong service of last Thursday evening on Sunday evening next. Besides appropriate hymns, responses and chanting of the psalms, Stainer's Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in A and the anthem What are These? will be sung by the excellent choir of the church, which has established a reputation as one of the very best boy choirs in the country. Gaul's anthem No Shadows Yonder from the Holy City will be sung at offertory. After the service there will be a short organ recital by the organist, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, assisted by Mr. Allan Fairweather, tenor, and Master Willie Wilson, the well known and talented treble solo boy of St. Simon's.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's second organ recital of the third series will be given this afternoon at four o'clock at All Saints' church. Mr. Fairclough will play Bach's trio No. 2; Melody in A by Rossini; Choral Song and Fugue in C, Wesley; Guilmant's Funeral March and Hymn of Seraphs; Meyerbeer's Schiller March and Melody and Intermezzi op. 20, No. 3, Horatio W. Parker. The programme will be varied by several vocal selections by Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor, who will sing an aria from the Creation and Henry L. Dale's Come Unto Him.

The Toronto Ladies' Choral Club, Miss Nora Hillary conductor, resumes work for this season on Tuesday evening next, when the first rehearsal will be held at Miss Hillary's residence, Gloucester street, when a number of part songs will be taken up. Further details of the programme for this year's concert of this flourishing society will be announced in the near future.

Moderato.

The Toronto Ladies' Choral Club, Miss Nora Hillary conductor, resumes work for this season on Tuesday evening next, after which they proceed to Germany for the purpose of appearing at various German opera houses. Their career will be watched with interest by their many friends and admirers in Toronto.

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Nov. 3 1894

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

11

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Amy Mason gave a tea yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Arthurs of Ravenswood has almost recovered from her recent trying illness, and will, I hope, soon be quite well.

An engagement is announced between Hon. James B. Turk of Chicago and Mrs. G. T. Bastedo of Toronto. The wedding will take place next month.

Miss Beatrice Sullivan, daughter of Bishop Sullivan, is visiting friends in Toronto and was a guest at the Athletic Club dance.

A sumptuous gown, which was much discussed by those who observe, was worn at the Athletic Club dance by Miss Pettingill, sister of Mrs. Everett, who is living at the Rossin House. Of the richest and thickest yellow satin duchesse, with trails of purple violets here and there, a pliant, sparkling face above it, and a carriage and contour perfectly graceful and elegant, the gown and its happy wearer were the cynosure of many admiring eyes.

The regular meeting of the Violet Club was held on Friday evening of last week at the residence of Miss Reford, Brunswick avenue, and was a most enjoyable gathering. The fair hostess, assisted by Mrs. Lewis Reford, did everything possible to make the evening a happy one and the hour of departure came only too soon. Among the invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. William Reford, Mr. and Mrs. Hampshire, Mr. and Mrs. License, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Wallace, Mr. and Miss Hall, Miss McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. Fahey, Miss Wilkinson and Mr. Armstrong. The members of the club present were: Misses Murdoch, MacLean, Hewitt, Reford, Woodhouse, Dale, Wilkinson and Callaghan, and Masters Robert Reford, Hewitt, Jackman, Wilkinson, Hillcock, Hunt, Newton, Sheppard, Murdoch and Moisey.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Robertson of Elm Grove avenue gave a very enjoyable progressive euchre party on Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Blackwell have taken up residence at No. 16 Spadina road. Mrs. Blackwell has returned from her trip East and will be at home to her friends every Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Simmers have returned from Europe and are settled in their home, Sidonia Villa, Yonge street. Mrs. Simmers will receive at the above address on Wednesday and Thursday afternoon and Thursday evening.

A reception was given to the lady students of the city by the advisory committee of the Y. W. C. Guild in the parlors of their building on Saturday evening last. A short musical programme was given in the hall and addresses by Prof. McCurdy, Prof. Wrong, and Hon. S. H. Blake, who was in the chair. After the programme Mrs. Harvie invited the guests to adjourn to the gymnasium, where refreshments were served. Representatives were present from the University, Victoria, Women's Medical College, School of Pedagogy, and the Normal School, numbering in all over four hundred, and all seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves.

Mr. M. Barrett of Chicago was in the city last week visiting the scenes of his boyhood days. Mr. Barrett left Toronto twenty-five years ago, drifted into politics and is now coroner of Cook county, Illinois.

Mrs. Holmes of Cecil street gave a library tea on Thursday afternoon, which was very original and pleasant, to about fifty lady friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dunstan have removed to their new residence, No. 82 Homewood avenue, where Mrs. Dunstan will be at home each Monday after next week.

Lily Clay's Company.

Miss Agnes Evans and Miss Nettie Huffman are the stars of Lily Clay's Company which will appear at the Academy of Music next week. By expert critics of the human form they are pronounced faultless. The company this year includes certain new features, notably, De Mora, the hand balancer, who was with the Barnum and Bailey circus all summer; La Chute de Ciel, in gymnastic tricks and male comedians who divide honors with the galaxy of girls. It is claimed that the Lily Clay Company will next week give a better performance than any seen at the Academy so far this season. Henry W. Simon, the manager, states that his company is booked right through to the Pacific Coast, and will be unable to play any return engagements.



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Lillian Williams, Julia Melrose, Blanche Creazor, Tot Lorraine, Theresa La Mar, Kitty Chapin, Della Folsom, Clara Beach, Kitty Penbrooke, Vannie Sparks, Belle Darrow, Dora White, Nellie Arlington, Belle Brown and a host of others.

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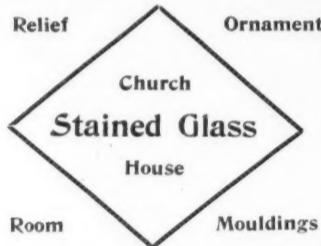


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WALL PAPERS



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Social and Personal.

On Monday Miss Carte gave a recherche luncheon for Miss Viney, a very charming English lady who spent a few days in Toronto. Miss Viney is a great traveler, having spent some time in Japan, China and Turkey, and knowing less remote regions perfectly. At the luncheon covers were laid for ten, and the board was sweet with many knots of violets which found their destined resting-place on many a smart corsage. Miss Viney wore a rich moire gown with vest and collar of buttercup chiffon and some beautiful jewels. Her bright and genial smile and sweet English voice left a pleasant impression on the friends bidden to do her honor. Miss Viney left on Wednesday for a trip to Niagara.

Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mr. and Mrs. Wright and Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Tackaberry went to Chatham last week to attend the wedding of Miss Mary Tackaberry and Dr. Reginald Vavasour Bray. The wedding took place at the residence of the bride's parents, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Horace Bray. Miss Tackaberry's wedding gown was of white silk with chiffon and orange blossoms; she wore a veil of tulle. The bridesmaids, Miss Maggie Tackaberry and Miss Robinson of Hamilton, wore cream and pink. Mr. Walter Bray was best man and Mr. Kearns completed the bridal party. After a supper and reception Dr. and Mrs. Bray left on the evening train. I am told many lovely presents were made to the bride and groom, who will take up their residence in Chatham after the honeymoon.

The Ladies' Committee of the Athetic Club are getting up a class in fencing.

Cards are out for a dance at Eastlawn on the fourteenth.

The chrysanthemum show takes place on November 20, 21, and 22 (Thanksgiving Day), and is to close on the 23rd. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick are the patrons of this lovely autumn event.

Cedarhurst, the scene of so many happy and delightful gatherings, is for rent, Mr. Black-

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Jet and Velvet Touques and Bonnets
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In all the leading shapes.

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For choice and new effects see our display.

In Ladies' Tea Gowns and Wrappers

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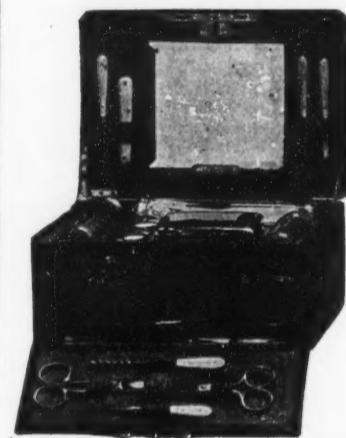
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stock's lease having expired and a more modern and spacious residence being desired. I have not heard where we are to look for a welcome from the most magnetic and energetic hostess in Toronto, but no matter where, the location will soon be the Mecca of many a pretty pilgrimage.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Riedon, 48 Center street, St. Thomas, was the scene of a very happy event on Thursday evening of last week. The occasion was the marriage of Miss Annie C. Riedon to Mr. J. S. Davidson, barrister, of the same city. The bride, attired in a cream fancy silk with handsome trimmings, was an ideal picture of

loveliness. Miss Fulton of Toronto, who acted as bridesmaid, wore white silk and carried a handsome bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Jas. Brierly was the groomsman. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Hannan, assisted by Rev. J. A. Macdonald. The decorations of both drawing-room and breakfast-room were sweetly pretty and suggestive of the occasion. The bridal party entered to the strains of the Mendelssohn Wedding March played by a string quartette comprised of Misses Blanche and Stella Riedon, Miss Louie Fulton of Toronto, and Miss Lulu Riedon. The presents were both numerous and handsome, many coming from distant

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places. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson will reside at 77 Curtis street, St. Thomas, and will be glad to welcome their friends after November 19.

Mr. Edward McClung has returned to town after a most enjoyable little visit with his brother-in-law, Rev. G. S. Rose of Bracebridge. All true lovers of sport are reveling in the delights which Muskoka only can offer.

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Visiting Bermuda, Azores, Gibraltar, Malaga, Granada,
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Corsica, 5 days at Tunis, 5 days at Alexandria, 5 days at
Cyprus, 5 days at Rhodes, 5 days at Crete, 5 days at
Athens, 5 days at Corfu, 5 days at Salona, 5 days at
Briare, 5 days at Marseilles, 5 days at Genoa, 5 days at
Trieste, 5 days at Venice, 5 days at Trieste, 5 days at
Zara, 5 days at Dubrovnik, 5 days at Split, 5 days at
Kotor, 5 days at Sarajevo, 5 days at Belgrade, 5 days at
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Prilep, 5 days